

Short stories and reminiscences of the last fifty. By an old traveller. Vol 2

2 4342 6376 56

SHORT STORIES, &c.

SHORT STORIES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

LC

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER. .? . e.

4B2 Danl. Mallory

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Fourth Edition.

NEW-YORK: DANL. MALLORY; R. P. BIXBY & Co. PHILADELPHIA: CAREY & HART.
BOSTON: JORDAN & Co.

1842.

E173 M25

LC

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, by DANIEL MALLORY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.

PRINTED BY HOPKINS & JENNINGS, 111 Fulton-st., N. Y.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

A Visit to Cincinnati 5

The Jewels, 18

Yellow Fever, and Deer Hunt, 36

The English Lady, 49

A Visit to St. Louis, 62

La Fay, the Pickpocket, 75

A Visit to Louisville, 87

General Harrison, 102

Mr. H—, 119

Incidents of a Voyage, 132

Wilcox, the Counterfeiter, 143

A Visit to New-Orleans and the Battle Ground, 151

Curious Incidents, 163

An Attempt to Murder, 173

iv

Library of Congress

The Pirate, 182

The Dangerous Ford, 193

Catfish Catching Squirrels, 198

The Tame Seal, &c. 204

The Stork, 209

Mr. Smith, 212

Jaco, 214

Waterloo, 217

Turn the Sausages, 219

1

SHORT STORIES, &c.

TRAVELS IN THE WEST.—A VISIT TO CINCINNATI

The rapid growth of the western country is a standing theme of conversation and wonder among all classes; but there are none in whom it exists to a greater degree than in those who visited it more than twenty years ago, and have lately revisited it, and been an eyewitness of its miraculous increase of population, and of all the arts that embellish the improved conditions of society. Pittsburg, Wheeling, Cincinnati, and Louisville, are more especially remembered and embraced in this brief sketch,—although many other places and sections of country have improved in an equal ratio. These improvements are not more interesting than is the change that has taken place in the men who acted a prominent part in the scenes of those more early days. A very few of the oldest and

Library of Congress

most respectable remain; but more than twenty years of time has covered the ground with a new and a different class of actors. At that day there were no bridges at Pittsburgh; now both the Monongahela and Alleghany are ornamented with elegant structures, and are alike a credit and a blessing to the inhabitants. Then steam boats were few and of awkward construction; now there are above six hundred, of splendid construction and equipment, and are with great propriety denominated floating palaces. Then the rivers were alive with barges and keel boats, bearing the abundant productions of those regions to a southern market; now the former have disappeared altogether, and the latter are few in number, and are only seen when the water is very low. Every year they are disappearing more and more, and with them the *sui generis* character of those that manned them,—“the half horse, half alligator, who could whip his weight in wild cats.” This race of men in a few years will become extinct, and their place will be filled with a more orderly class,—not more useful in their calling, but better citizens, and society will be a gainer by the change. Three months was then considered a good passage from New-Orleans in a barge; 7 now the merchant receives his goods from there in steam boats in ten days.

There are many who yet remember the first attempt made to establish a steam packet between Cincinnati and Louisville, and the first boat that was built for that purpose, the *General Pike*. In outward appearance not unlike a miniature man-of-war, with high wall sides; and for speed, compared with boats of the present day, “hyperion to a satyr.”

The first part of my visit to the west was by stage from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and was commenced early in June. On arriving at the little village of London, which lies at the foot of Cove Mountain, one of the highest of the Alleghanies, and the most sublime and grand in the chain, I preferred waiking to the top, a distance, by the winding of the road, of four miles. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of the scene that is viewed from the apex of this mountain. On the east side, the whole valley of the Conococheague, extending from the Potomac in the State of Maryland, through the counties of Franklin and Cumberland in Pennsylvania, a distance of sixty miles, lies like a map before you,

Library of Congress

and affords one of the most magnificent landscapes that can be found in the whole world. It is, too, one of the most fruitful districts of country to be found in the State; and 8 particularly celebrated for its wheat harvests. It encloses several flourishing and beautiful towns and villages, among which may be enumerated Hagerstown in Maryland, Chambersburg, Greencastle, Shippensburg, and Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. From the summit the eye roves over numerous well cultivated farms,—the ripe wheat fields easily distinguished by the yellow grain,—here and there dotted about like spots on old fashioned bandana handkerchief, and in appearance not much larger. On the western side, and only separated by a narrow ridge, there is a precipitous descent of three or four miles to McConnelsville, an inconsiderable but lively little village, completely hedged in on two sides by lofty heights. The valley thus formed is quite narrow, and gives to the place an air of comfort and snugness rarely to be met with.

A few months after, I crossed this range of mountains in another direction; commencing at Cumberland in Maryland, on the national road, and ending at Uniontown in Pennsylvania. Some five or six miles east of Uniontown, where the national road crosses Laurel Hill, the last of these mountains, is the site of a fort erected by General Braddock when on his way to Fort Pitt, where he was defeated by the combined army of French and Indians, and where he lost his life. This fort is also memorable as the spot where Washington, 9 then only a Colonel, brought the beaten and retreating army into order, and stayed their flight. For a great many years, and even now occasionally, relics of the fort and other evidences of that disastrous campaign, are found by inquisitive searchers after such things. There is a mass of curious history connected with this matter that should be collected and preserved while there yet lives traditionary intelligence which can be relied on, and which is still to be found in the neighbourhood.

On arriving at Wheeling we found the water very low, and many families, like ourselves, waiting to obtain a passage to Cincinnati. After a day or two of observation and examination, we concluded the purchase of a scow, so called,—a boat that had been used to ferry carriages, horses, &c.—about forty feet long and ten wide. On this we set to work

Library of Congress

to build over it a covering, and to partition off suitable sized rooms for lodging, cooking, &c. While the carpenter was thus employed, we looked about for amusement and information.

Soon after we came here, a Quaker by the name of Graham introduced himself to us, and a most curious and *unique* character we found him to be. He was about fifty years old, of middle height, and *embonpoint* in person. He wore a snuff-coloured Quaker coat, 1* 10 and light coloured small clothes; and, as Dr. Goldsmith once said, “ *On the top of his head was his wig, and on the top of his wig was his hat.* ” A queer compound of oddities. By some unexplained means he found out our names; and as the name of my companion and relative was Thomas, we were startled by the friendly and goodnatured salutation of,

“ *How dost thee do, Thomas? Glad to see thee well. Going to Kentucky, ha!* ”

Mr. N. stared with amazement, and shook his head, no.

“ *Ah, to Cincinnati, then?* ”

By this time Mr. N. had caught a glimpse of the peculiarity of his character, and determined not to gratify him, but to have some amusement out of his oddities. He therefore evaded the question, by making some inquiries about the affairs of the place; and as we had supposed had got rid of him for a while, by retreating to our quarters in the tavern. But it was not so. We had hardly got seated, and were laughing at Mr. Graham's expense, when there were three gentle raps at the door. Being invited to walk in, Mr. Graham again presented himself with all the ease and *non-chalance* of a most intimate acquaintance.

“ *Which is thy wife, Thomas?* ”

11

And before an answer could be given him, he walked up to the right lady, with,

“ *What's thy name?* ”

Library of Congress

The scene became so perfectly comical and ludicrous, that a general burst of laughter followed, in which Mr. Graham joined with a *gusto* that added very much to the merriment of the scene. He did not leave us till he had proffered his utmost abilities to serve us in any way that we would name. He had not yet found out our place of destination, and it evidently grieved him to part without that knowledge. The next morning he made his appearance at the boat, with his usual companion, a cotton umbrella, running over with inquisitive curiosity; but before he could get in his questions, Mr. N. said,

“ Mr. Graham, who are those people—or what family is it—that have just landed from the keel boat up by the ferry? ”

He gave one anxious look in the direction pointed out, and off he went in a full run, to the great amusement of a large number of bystanders, collected about the creek where we were making our preparations.

We were told that at some busy seasons, when a number of boats were landing at different points, he was nearly crazy because he feared that some one else would find out before he did, whence they had come, 12 and where they were going; and was seen sweating like a galley slave, running up and down the shore like one demented,—boarding every boat with his usual bland inquiries, *“ How dost thee do? ” “ Going to Cincinnati, ha? ” “ What's thy loading? ”* with hundreds of other questions expressive of his curiosity, and which were raised and changed to suit the object for which he inquired.

I knew a gentleman who was on his way to settle at Louisville, and who had with him his household furniture; and from the respectable appearance of Graham, he had no hesitation in leaving it with him to ship it by the first steamboat, as he had volunteered to do so. Six months afterwards he was informed that his goods had been stored by Graham without directions of any kind. This slight sketch is imperfect of the man; but those who have seen *Paul Pry* will have a tolerable notion of his character, except that Mr. Graham had the advantage of being more busy and active than Paul is represented to have been.

Library of Congress

While waiting here for our boat to be prepared, in which to descend the river, I paid a visit to St. Clairsville, Ohio, about twelve miles from Wheeling. At the tavern where I put up, a man came in very much disfigured; his face and hands had been lacerated to a frightful degree; his clothes torn into strips and sewed 13 together again with coarse twine. Altogether he presented a curious spectacle. I had some doubts about the propriety of seeking an explanation, as we were strangers, but curiosity got the better of my diffidence, and I accosted him with, “ *You seem, sir, to have been in the wars lately.* ”

“ Yes, ” said he, “ *and a fearful conflict I had of it. If ever a man's life was saved by a direct Providential interference, mine was some days ago.* ”

I said, “Will you, sir, oblige me with a recital of the particulars?”

“I had been,” said he, “to Marietta on business; and after having completed it, I found, to reach this place by a carriage conveyance, I should be forced to travel a long distance out of the direct way, when by footing it the distance was inconsiderable, and might be accomplished all in one day. I cut me a good-sized oaken stick, and early in the morning I started. My way was immediately across what is familiarly known and called the *Wilderness*. It is a district of about thirty miles square, composed of hills and valleys, through which numberless small rivulets wend their way to the larger streams, mostly to the Muskingum. It is a wild and uninhabited country, except by those who make it a business to hunt the game, with which it abounds. These hunters have regular stations, where 14 they have log cabins, and are the only inhabitants to be found in a great many miles around. I had performed, as I supposed, about half of my journey, when in descending a precipitous hill, so steep indeed that I had to dig my heels into the earth to keep me from falling headlong, I suddenly found myself in close contact with huge bear! It was impossible to avoid him, as I had got within a few feet of him before I discovered my very unexpected and very unwelcome neighbour. I soon found that I was no match for the rascal, and that my stick, although I laid it over his head and eyes with all my might, made little or no impression. Every spring he made on me left marked evidences of his

Library of Congress

prowess; and they had been repeated so often that I found my strength beginning to fail, and with it my courage. I had placed my back against a large tree, determined to make another strong effort to save my life: but I almost immediately fainted, and probably should have fallen to the ground had I not been kept in an erect position by the pressure of the creature's fore-paws upon my shoulders! At this momentous crisis one of the hunters discovered us, and rushing suddenly down, plunged his large *couleau de chasse* into the monster's throat!"

In a day or two our Noah's ark was in readiness, and baying laid in a sufficiency of creature comforts, 15 we embarked on the broad bosom of *la belle riviere*, in as frail a bark as ever bore eleven human beings rising four hundred miles.

About this time a heavy rain storm commenced, which spread over a large extent of country; and with the freshet thus produced, we made excellent progress toward our place of destination. Two or three nights after leaving Wheeling, about nine o'clock in the evening, we were suddenly put in great fear by an unusual noise, which seemed to be nearing us with frightful rapidity. A council of men folks was called, and we decided to move in toward the shore, and wait the issue, whatever it might be; but before we could execute our plan, one of the most thrilling and beautiful sights of which the imagination can conceive, burst upon our astonished view. It proved to be the new steamboat *James Ross* from Pittsburgh, where she had been built; and as she rounded a sharp point in the river, a little way above us, she displayed as much brilliant light as would have illuminated one of the large palaces spoken of in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and to our excited imaginations, quite as magnificent. All her boilers' fires were on deck, and every pane of glass in her numerous cabin windows were illuminated; added to which a flame of fire was blazing out of the top of each of her four chimneys, and coming as she did without 16 expectation or warning of any kind, some idea can be formed of the imposing spectacle that burst upon our wondering sight! And this was not all; for with every stroke of the engine there was an escapement of steam which went out with a noise that reverberated

Library of Congress

through the forests and from the hills, loud enough to frighten both biped and quadruped for ten miles around.

During our progress to Cincinnati, early one evening, just as the moon was passing over the eastern hills, and with its pale rays extinguishing the little that remained of twilight, we hauled in toward the Ohio side to view a celebrated sycamore tree, which had been recommended to our notice before we left Wheeling. There were none of the branches left; and what remains of the trunk is hollow, being not above twenty feet high. It stands near the bank of the river on a piece of bottom land of exceeding fertility, and as fully exposed to the vivifying influences of the elements as could be desired. Its productiveness will be illustrated by the fact, that in order to measure the size of the tree we had recourse to a cornstalk, found near by, which enabled us to measure seventeen feet; and which was the diameter of the tree inside. Of course it was fifty-one feet in circumference, and would easily have received fifty people within its shelter.

At Marietta we found time enough to take a brief view of the extensive mounds which are to be seen here. They occupy several acres; and as they are the relics of a people of whom we have no other trace, they are well worth the notice, and further and more extended investigation of antiquarian societies. It is said that distinct marks of a subterranean way from the river to the nearest fortification is yet visible. I say fortification, because I take for granted that none will dispute these works to have been some places of defence and protection. In due time we reached the Queen city of the West, and were agreeably disappointed in finding it a place of more trade and importance than we had been led to expect. 2

THE JEWELS.

The scenes which I am now about to commemorate are laid in New-Orleans nearly twenty years ago. The name of the street where I was introduced to the principal actors is not remembered. I think, however, it was Rue Marigny. It was east of the cathedral

Library of Congress

some distance, and in a part of the city where the buildings are almost uniformly of one story, and where the narrowness of the sidewalk did not admit of two walking abreast. After proceeding some time in silence, my guide said abruptly, as he turned down a very narrow, dark court, “*follow me!*” I did so, and in a moment or two we emerged into an open square, of small dimensions, on the back of which there was a building of a more modern construction, into which my guide led the 19 way, remarking, as he did so, not to be alarmed with any thing that might possibly occur. “You,” said he, “are in no danger.” We ascended abrupt steps into a passage which seemed common, and for the convenience of several apartments. At the second door my guide put back his hand with the significant motion of “Stop where you are;” at the same time he applied his left ear to the keyhole in the attitude of listening. I heard voices within, and one a female's, evidently in a warm debate or dispute of a no very friendly character. It was carried on both in Spanish and French; and although I did not speak either, I understood enough of both to catch now and then a familiar word, which enabled me so far to comprehend the matter as to know that great dissatisfaction reigned within.

After a brief space my guide gave a gentle rap upon the door, which proved sufficient to stop all proceedings within. And then, being assured that his signal had been noticed, he said in a low, suppressed voice, “Fernando.” Not a word or noise of the least kind responded to the call. Again he said, more like a loud whisper, “Fernando!” After waiting a little, I heard the approach of some one, who unlocked the door, and cautiously opened it—not wide—but just so far as to see through a space about the width of a hand. A few words in under tones passed between my guide and the 20 person inside, the nature of which seemed, as well as I could make it out, a communication of my guide, that he had brought *the broker*; and the other questioning him whether he was a person to be trusted with the matter in hand. He seemed satisfied that all was well; still he did not open the door nor invite us in. Seeing this, I said to the guide, “If it is not convenient to see me now, I will come any other time more acceptable to all parties.”

Library of Congress

To this, the only answer was another significant motion of the hand, which said plain enough, "Be quiet; don't interfere till you are wanted."

Presently the door was wide opened and we were invited to walk in. The first object that fixed my attention was the female. She was past the bloom or prime of life, and without being decidedly handsome, there was enough of benignity and good looks to interest you in her welfare. Her complexion was quite dark, of the olive caste, and her person splendidly decorated with various articles of jewelry. There was a diamond on her bosom that was nearly of the size of my thumb nail, and was brilliant beyond anything that I had ever seen. The watch that was secured to her belt was highly enamelled, and also set in diamonds. I should think, to speak within bounds, she had about her person three or four thousand dollars in jewelry. These 21 splendid decorations did not altogether hide the discontent that preyed within.

Beside the lady there were three as suspicious looking rascals as ever escaped hanging; three swarthy, curly-headed, bull-necked desperadoes, or I was no judge of such characters. There was a small table in the middle of the room, on which were glasses and some bottles which had once contained claret. Round about there were divers boxes and trunks, which had the appearance of having just been landed, and not yet adjusted in their proper places. The one that seemed to be captain was something more genteel in dress and address than the others.

Before I proceed further in the narrative, I may as well explain why and how I came to be introduced to such a gang of pirates as they evidently were. My nephew, an active and intelligent young man, was in the practice of visiting vessels just arrived; and, among others, he boarded a small schooner, which had arrived a few days before from the Spanish Main, on board of which some of these people were passengers. He was pointed out as a commission agent or broker, while on board of this vessel; and hence the application to our house to dispose of their merchandise. To my inquiry as to what the goods consisted of, the answer was, "You must come to our lodgings, and we will describe

Library of Congress

2* 22 the goods and their value.” It was the man who acted as guide with whom we had this conversation; the others I had never seen before going to their room.

There was some conversation, in an under tone, between the captain and my guide, when the former went to one of the trunks and began to take out various small boxes, which he divided, placing some of them on his right and some on his left hand. Presently he hesitated, and then closed the trunk and locked it. The next act of preparation was to move the bottles and glasses from the table, and to wipe it down.

Thus prepared, the boxes were placed on the table, and we all, the lady excepted, gathered round it. I found all eyes were upon me when not on the boxes. There was evidently a reluctance and hesitation to expose their contents; but taking courage again from some remark of my conductor, he began to open the several boxes. Such a magnificent display of gorgeous and costly ornaments I had never seen before in any one collection.

Had I been previously aware of the nature of the goods and the character of the reputed owners, I should have unhesitatingly declined having any agency whatever in the disposition of them; but I had gone too far, at this stage of the proceedings, to explain my understanding 23 of the matter, without exciting suspicions that neither my interest nor safety would have warranted.

So far as I could judge, the fashion of the setting, most of it, was of ancient date. There is scarcely a precious stone known to the lapidaries but what was to be found, in some shape or another, in the collection. There were tiaras that might have been worn by Cleopatra or Queen Dido. They were certainly brilliant enough, and would have graced the imperial crown of Victoria or any other queen in Christendom. There were several full sets of diamond ornaments; one or two of great value. There were a great variety of magnificent finger rings, set with amethysts and topaz, surrounded with brilliants; some of them of great size, and could only have been made for occasions of state. My amazement

Library of Congress

and wonder increased, as box after box were exhibited, till my head grew giddy with the sight. Knowing that they all were waiting for me to say some thing as to the manner and probability of disposing of their goods, my situation was painful. To say at once they were too costly for the market, and that there was no possibility of making a sale of them, I had not the courage; and to flatter them with the belief that I could make a favourable sale of them, I was determined not to do. I finally said to the interpreter, "These goods are more valuable than I had supposed, and it will take 24 some time to reflect upon the best way of disposing of them. It will not do, with such things, to hawk them about; they must be managed with great caution. Till you see what I can do with them, I recommend to you to keep silence, and on no consideration offer any of them for sale."

This advice was precisely what they would have dictated to me, had I not anticipated their wishes; and the result was that I gained credit with them for discretion and good judgment. They told the interpreter that he had been lucky in selecting a broker of so much prudence.

In taking leave, as I made my obeisance to them all, but more especially to the lady, I discovered in her expressive countenance a look of great significance. It meant something of importance for me to know, but which she was not permitted to disclose. There was nothing in it that indicated extraordinary caution, or to guard against any particular danger; but rather a strong desire to communicate intelligence which would be useful for me to know. I parted with my guide and interpreter in the court below, and hastened my way back to our counting room, alternately meditating upon the lady and the jewels.

Of the latter there could be no mistake, as I conceived, in accounting for their being in the possession of 25 such suspicious looking characters; and that prudence dictated to me to have nothing further to do with them. There was also a mystery in their conduct that did not comport with open and fair dealing. Why lock themselves in, and open the door with so great caution? Why hesitate to show the goods even after a broker had been provided at their own solicitation? Then, again, such a quantity of eminently rich jewelry in

Library of Congress

the possession of such ordinary looking characters, was enough of itself to satisfy a less suspicious person than myself that the property had not been honestly acquired.

I expected with certainty that I should see the interpreter again that day; but he did not make his appearance. I waited nearly half of the following day, when hearing nothing from him, I concluded the best way was to not keep them in suspense, as it regarded my agency in the matter, but boldly at once declare my inability to render them any aid, and to advise them that such costly jewels should be sent to Europe to be disposed of. Accordingly I retraced the way to their abode. Having arrived at the passage already described, I knocked at the door, but there was no response. Again I knocked louder, when a person from the adjoining room made his appearance to know, in bad English, what I wanted. From him I learned that the whole party had left the night before, and had gone he knew not whither.

This was in the spring. Several months elapsed, and the jewels had nearly passed away from all recollection, when one morning I received a note, written in a foreign hand and by a female, requesting me to call at such a place, whenever I could do so with convenience. I noticed the direction was only to M., and concluded, as a matter of course, that it must have been intended for some one else: "No; it was for me only." The messenger, a good looking quattron girl, said she knew it was for me by the description of the store, and by the description of my person; and that the lady also knew me well.

"There is some error in this," I said; "but I will call, if it is only to explain the matter. I am almost a stranger to ladies of this place, and am totally so to those who do not speak our language."

In the evening I went, according to the direction, to a house in the back part of the city. It was a miniature palace of a place, enclosed with a white paling, with trees and numerous shrubbery, which, even at this late season, gave the place an aspect of cheerfulness. There was wealth and comfort stamped on every thing about the premises. The orange

Library of Congress

trees were bending with the weight of their golden burdens. The sun was still 27 above the horizon, shedding its rich and burnished lustre upon the surrounding landscape. It was altogether a stirring and beautiful sight. My mind was altogether absorbed in conjecturing who could occupy this charming abode, and the strangeness of my invitation to visit it, when I was startled with a rough, coarse voice in Spanish, as well as I could make out, inquiring what I wanted there. I said in English, the only language that I could speak, "I was sent for to see a lady who resides here. So says the direction."

"*Lady! lady!*" was all that I could now make out that he said; but he kept waving me off with his hand—go, go.

Apprehending some kind of violence if I remained, I was on the eve of departing, when the quartoorn servant girl made her appearance. It was curious and exceedingly diverting to see the sudden alteration of manner and tone this girl produced on this *Bombastes*. He crouched, like a spaniel, under the reprimands she bestowed upon him for daring to impede my way to the house. As soon as the storm, which was all on her side, had ceased, I inquired who the man was.

She said, "He is the overseer and gardener But come into the house."

"Do you recollect me?" said the lady, as I entered a 28 most magnificently furnished drawing room, and as she rose to receive me.

"Yes, I do, most certainly," said I; "but I am so confounded with the contrast of your former situation and the present, that I am quite bewildered. Beside, when I then saw you I supposed you did not speak English."

"Well," said she, "you will be more surprised still, when I relate the object I have in view, and the history connected with it. First of all, I must apologize to you for the liberty I have taken in sending for you. I am almost a stranger here, although educated at the convent;

Library of Congress

and I have near relatives in the city, but I want advice to aid me in matters which, from the peculiar situation of my friends, they are not capable to render.

"I think," she continued, with a smile, "that you and I are older acquaintances than you seem disposed to acknowledge."

"How so, madam? I am quite sure that if I had any recollection of an acquaintance of a prior date, I should be most proud to acknowledge it."

She said, "Were you ever at Campeachy?"

"Yes; I was there in 1810."

"And," she continued, "while there you dined with a merchant, a short distance from the town, by the name of Esparo."

29

"I did so, indeed!"

"Well, I am his daughter; and was introduced to you that day, and was at the table. I recollected you when you first came to look at the jewels."

"Marvellous, indeed!" said I. "It is said that truth is very frequently more strange than than fiction; and this is one curiously exemplified."

After a brief pause she said, "You will be better able to give advice when you know the circumstances under which it is sought. It is now more than ten years since I was first wooed and won, and soon after married my husband. He is a man endowed with more abilities than nature usually bestows on her creations, and had they been exerted always for moral purposes, he would not now be a proscribed outcast from civilized society. He was born to command. He is one of nature's noblemen. He is a descendant of one of the oldest Norman families, and was educated with great care and circumspection,

Library of Congress

by the most competent masters that France could boast of. Unfortunately there was no employment fitted for his romantic and generous nature, in the bestowment of the government, and the consequences were, roving and loose habits took the place of what should have been the employment of such a man. His genius and talents fitted him for “enterprises of great pith and moment;” and had fortune favoured 3 30 him, he would have traced on the face of the world, deeds that would not have been inferior in importance and renown to those of Napoleon Bonaparte. But fortune did not favour him; or if it did, it was too late for his acceptance. His early history is the history of thousands who had not his brilliant and resistless genius to excuse them and to urge them onto acts of a nature, that it is to be feared, will not in all cases bear an examination to be approved. The stages of vice and crime are easy and of a rapid pace when once admitted to take the place of more honourable employment. The gaming table and the no less demoralizing actions called *sporting*, fill up the time of young men of wealth, and whose family connexions are too noble to admit of any other employment than bearing arms. Trade would soil the ermine of their grandeur, and a profession is too onerous for a gentleman! It is not therefore so much to be wonder-be at, that a gentleman educated with such false views of life, and possessing genius and talents of an extraordinary high order, should become disquieted with the mean and undignified pursuits of gaming and sporting, and resort to actions more befitting his capacity.

The civil wars that soon spread over the fair fields of South America, opened a door for the display of my husband's most ardent ambition. War to him in any shape, was better than ignoble pursuits, but to battle in 31 the cause of freedom, was too glorious to be subsituted for any other consideration. He entered, as his high nature prompted him, warmly into the cause of South American freedom, and soon was distinguished for that bold daring and disregard of consequences, which has since made his name a terror to all who traverse the South Atlantic ocean.

He is noble and brave, and all the sanguinary and bloody actions which he is charged with, are mostly without even any foundation. It is true that deeds have been performed

by those under his command, that were distinctly disapproved of by him; and it is quite probable that the character of some of the vessels captured by him, were not sufficiently investigated before condemnation, and thus mistaking the vessels of a friendly nation, for the enemy he was in search of, has committed wrongs that are in the abstract reprehensible. Indeed, I am quite confident that the number and influence of his bands, have controlled and overruled his better judgment, and that he has yielded to their rapacity, rather than exercise the natural promptings of an honest heart. In short, crimes he has permitted to be perpetrated under his own eye and seemingly under his control, and yet his existence would not have been prolonged an hour had he not indulged his followers in their bent.

32

I am sorry to confess that his notions of right and wrong do not square with the moral sense of the Christian world. As much and as ardently as I love him, I cannot shut my eyes to the dark shades that rest upon his character. But enough of this.

Our great desire, is now to reach in peace and safety, some retired and eligible spot in France, where we can live in the enjoyment of each other, unknown and unknowing to the rest of the world. I am fully satisfied that it requires courage of a high character to befriend the outlaw and the outlaw's wife; and that we have no expectation of any aid through the ordinary channels of friendship, such as are usually resorted to by those who are in want of assistance and who are not tainted with a moral leprosy. I have taken the liberty to send for you, and to say that if you feel safe to render us the assistance required, a liberal commission shall be your reward. I do not deny—indeed I am bound to confess, that there is great danger and risk to be encountered in accomplishing the objects in view; but in proportion to the hazard, shall be the compensation. I do not require of you the solemnities of an oath to keep the secrets of our prison house, but I do require of you the not less sacred obligation of confidence, a betrayal of which would involve us in inextricable 33 trouble, and in all probability the end would be tragical. Will you run this risk and help us?"

Library of Congress

"My dear madam! — pardon the warmth of the expression, — but there is in your whole manner and generous devotion to your unfortunate husband, so much of poetry and romance, that it has won my admiration, and the natural promptings of my own heart are wholly yours, to serve you without stint or consideration of any kind. Indeed, the whole matter and manner of your communication, coming as it does from a noble and generous heart, and uttered by beautiful lips, and so fraught by affection, that I own I am captivated, and in feeling I am with you heart and soul! If I ran no other risk than such as might happen to my person, I would not give the consideration of it another thought, and would evince by my zeal that I strongly sympathize with a lovely and devoted wife. But, alas! in this, as in a thousand other instances where inclination leads, prudence and public opinion interpose their authority; and such is their potency, that there is nothing left but entire submission to influence so paramount. So far as I am acquainted with your secrets they are safe in my keeping. Before we separate, and probably forever, allow me to say that, measuring causes and effects, a change of scene will not bring with it the happiness you are doubtless anticipating. To my thinking you ³* 34 deserve a better fate than seems to have fallen to your lot; but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and frequently, what seems a lasting misfortune is often turned to a blessing. You have now wealth and leisure; employ both in acts of benevolence; but especially use your influence with your husband to prepare him for that great change which comes to all of human born. Farewell!"

On the Mediterranean shore, not far from the beautiful and quiet town of Cette may be seen, or was to have been seen a few years since, a neat, compact dwelling, surrounded by waving and stately trees, and the walks decked with evergreens and showy shrubbery. The inmates were an aged gentleman and his wife, still erect and stately, and in full possession of the walk and carriage of health and apparent contentment. The domestics are few, and the whole family living in that quiet and peaceful retirement suited to moderate wealth; and where the perplexities and bustle of a more active life do not interfere. The predominant character of the inmates is a benevolent regard and attention to the neighbouring poor. The sick are visited and their wants liberally supplied. There are

Library of Congress

no interchange of civilities with their more wealthy neighbours. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Laborde* are never seen when visitors, led by curiosity or any other inducements, 35 are announced. Refreshments are invariably set before the visitors, and all questions are respectfully but very briefly replied to, without communicating any intelligence respecting the family. In this beautiful retreat, with the expansive sea in front, and surrounded by all the elegancies and comforts of life, there dwells not happiness! It is the abode of contentment so far as circumstances will admit of it; but the recollection of passions unrestrained, and the free indulgence of criminal ambition, sits like an incubus on the conscience of the proprietor. This penance he endures with Christian fortitude; and the prayers and intercessions he daily offers to an offended God, it is hoped and believed will effectually prepare his soul for a peaceful eternity.

YELLOW FEVER, AND DEER HUNT.

The fatal effects of yellow fever on unacclimated people from the north and from Europe, it would be reasonable to suppose, would deter such from risking their lives when they are morally certain of not being able to escape the contagion, and equally certain that the chances of recovery when thus attacked are greatly against them. And yet this is not the fact. Every year multitudes of these people rush into the city of New-Orleans, regardless of their lives, and only intent upon gain. All these are not of the universal Yankee nation, whom Napoleon said would, for the sake of gain, seize a bag of coffee, even if it were suspended over the gulf of —!! They congregate here in vast numbers every year from Ireland, England, and the several 37 states of the German empire, to swell the lists of mortality, and to add their testimony to the inconceivable number of those that have gone before them, of the folly and sin of making mammon the only pursue of their existence. Warnings and remonstrances are of no effect. Nine-tenths of mankind never expect to die. Every one else is in danger but themselves. I had a servant woman, Irish, an excellent servant, only a year or two since; she got acquainted with a young man, a countryman of hers, who was going to New Orleans to seek his fortune. He had been assured that he could earn three dollars a day, and proposed to Margarett to marry him and join

Library of Congress

his fortunes. She had saved some money, a few hundred dollars, and he was also well enough off in that respect. I did my best to induce them to remain where they were, and to convince them that one dollar a day here would, in the end, deducting time lost, expenses of passage, &c., be as productive as three dollars would be in that unhealthy climate. Then again I said, you cannot stay over eight months in the year without the moral certainty of taking the yellow fever, with the chance against you that you will recover. Should you happily recover, the expenses of sickness and a shattered constitution will be but poor consolation for the risk you have run.

My advice was not taken. They married, and sailed 38 for New-Orleans. They went too early. The ship arrived in the river early in October; and before they reached the city, the yellow fever broke out among the passengers, and both Margarete and her husband died, unavailingly regretting in their last moments that they had not acted in accordance with my advice. This fact was communicated to me by one of the passengers who escaped.

Advice is equally unavailing to people who come to New-Orleans from the upper country to dispose of their produce. Notwithstanding they see their companions falling around them, they will not be persuaded to leave the city while there remains a single barrel of flour or a bushel of corn unsold! Every day witnessed the folly and madness of thousands of these people, who saw their neighbours and friends daily removed in considerable numbers, either to the hospital or the graveyard, and yet they lingered over the same abyss of certain destruction!

It was the month of June, and my boat was loaded for the last trip of the season, for Louisville. The fever had taken off a good many of the flat-boat men, but thousands yet remained, notwithstanding the vast numbers that had left and were daily leaving by every opportunity, both by sea and by steamboats. Our house had the business of several respectable 39 men, traders, from Ohio and Indiana, and who had taken passage with me. Their produce was all sold, and the proceeds converted into such funds as were current in their country. Fearing the consequences of a crowded boat at this very late season,

Library of Congress

and the danger, if unhappily the fever should get among us, I applied to Doctor Mercer for medicines and a written direction, as far as it was practicable, to give instruction in anticipation of sickness.

To those who have never been on the Mississippi River in a crowded boat in hot summer weather, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the suffering one has to endure. Add to the heat, which is so oppressive when there is no breeze to cool the air, that respiration is difficult, the intolerable annoyance of myriads of musquitoes; and from whom there is no retreat or escape, night nor day. A musquito bar to guard your face and hands by night, is quite as necessary as daily food. Their numbers are positively astonishing, even to those who are to their "manners and customs born." All along the coast, every person of fair complexion was pined with their bites, and so disfigured as frequently to excite commiseration.

We had on board a young man but recently from the Emerald Isle, bound to St. Louis, a good natured careless youth, who suffered exceedingly from the effects of their attacks upon his hands and face. He had repeatedly been instructed how to guard against them, by tucking in his bar, and other precautions which experience suggests, but without effect. He lived freely, and when going to bed he neglected the precautions he had been instructed in. The consequences were, his face swelled out till he became all but blind, and his hands were twice the usual size.

We had only been out two or three days, when the fever broke out among the cabin passengers. I foresaw at once, what I had before anticipated in such an event, great distress and sufferings from its spreading, which it would inevitably do among the deck hands, and withal the consolation of having it within my power to guard against it. All that I could do was to doctor to the best of my ability, and to follow the directions already named. This duty I faithfully performed; and it is a matter of great satisfaction to me to reflect on even now, and worthy of remark, that all who obeyed my directions recovered. But all who refused obedience, died very miserably! It was frequently the case that we

Library of Congress

had three and four to bury at a wooding place. There were not boards or plank enough to be procured to observe the decency of interring them in coffins, however humble they might have been. It was truly melancholy, and filled the heart with anguish to see the poor fellows 41 breathe their last away from home and from kindred,—from those soothing and endearing attentions which only can be ministered by the soft and gentle hand of female benevolence.

We had the forecastle shaded over by an awning, where we frequently removed the poor fellows, as it was the coolest part of the boat, and where they seemed to breathe freer, and to die with less pains.

There was one man, a cabin passenger, who belonged to Ohio, somewhere near Chilicothe, and who had considerable money with him, took sick, and by kindness and a little flattery, I got him to take the medicine I had prepared for such disease, till the afternoon before he died. All at once he refused, and said he did not feel that the medicine did him any good. It proved of no use to remind him that he was not worse, and in all probability if he would continue to take it he would recover. He died in the night, and was buried before I was up the next morning!

There was a deck passenger that had been very bad, and it appeared to me next to impossible that the man could recover; and yet, by taking the medicine regularly, he did recover, and a more grateful heart never beat in any bosom. When, after the fever had been subdued, I ordered cold water to be thrown over him, ucket after bucket, it was delightful to contemplateb 4 42 the joyous satisfaction that beamed from every feature of his warm, expressive countenance. This was a case that paid richly for all the trouble and inconvenience that attends such a sickness.

After reaching the Ohio the sickness abated; not only because we had reached a cooler and more healthy climate, but the numbers began to thin off by passengers leaving, having

Library of Congress

arrived nearest to the places of their destinations. Still there were new cases, and many deaths. The boat was a complete hospital.

At length my turn came. It is marvellous, indeed, that I escaped so long as I did, for I was constantly exposed in every situation, by weather of all kinds, and by attending on the sick and dying. At this time our numbers were reduced to a very few. The water was very low, and our progress painfully slow. Every day we were under the disagreeable necessity of heaving over or off sand bars.

The tardiness of our movements afforded us excellent opportunity to receive the sympathies and kindnesses of the people who dwelt along the banks of the river; and it gives me pride and pleasure to say they were lavishly poured out upon our unfortunate boat. We had visitors who came several miles from the interior to offer their services. There was about six or eight miles behind us a steamboat, on board of which was a passenger, 43 a surgeon in the United States' service, from St. Louis. He heard of our deplorable condition, and that the captain was at the point of death with the yellow fever. This gentleman borrowed a canoe, and paddled it the whole distance, against the current, through a hot summer's sun, to render me service! Pay he would not take, and kindly remained by me for several days. It was to his skill and soothing kindness, under the blessing of a good Providence, that I recovered. There were many days in succession that I could hear the men speculating as to the time when I should die, where to be buried, and what they should get to make a coffin of. The event, to their minds, was certain; and the only thing that seemed to give them uneasiness was how to bury their captain respectably; seeing there were no materials left out of which a coffin could be constructed. "He will die to night," said Wilson, the mate, "and we shall have to stop at Bruce's wood-pile before morning, where we can get boards enough."

At this time, although I was speechless, my other faculties were all alive to what was going on and about me. Many secrets were divulged while I lay in that state, that never would

Library of Congress

have been known, probably, in any other way; and although of no great importance, it shows the workings of our imperfect natures.

44

I had a black boy, a servant, that belonged to a friend, who had placed him in my service, thinking, I suppose, that his bad habits might be corrected on board of a steamboat. He was a great rascal, and among other bad practices, he was constantly purloining small articles, which, from their size, he could secrete without detection. He was so notorious a thief that I had been obliged to debar myself his services in my cabin, unless performed in my presence. In short, I had been obliged to hand him over to the cook to make a scullion of him. As he was a good waiter, and understood the business well, it became necessary, during my illness, to reinstate Dick in his attendance on me. Thinking me asleep, or incapable of seeing or hearing him, he would rummage my pockets, drawers, writing-desk, &c., and indulge the workings of his thoughts and desires in audible whispers. He had been punished several times, by my orders, for his misdeeds. I could hear him say, "Massa d—n rascal — whip Dick for notten. Die! ha, ha! he, he! — ah! sub 'im right."

After repeated detentions, at length we reached Henderson. My situation was still one of peril, and although something better, yet caution and circumspection were necessary to make sure of a recovery. A litter was formed, and my men bore me on it to the 45 hotel. Two of the best physicians of the place were sent for, and under their care I mended apace.

The water had fallen so much that it was impossible to proceed any further with the boat till a rise took place. Keel boats were chartered, and such freight as was perishable, or particularly wanted, was immediately conveyed in them to Louisville.

While I remained here recovering my health and strength, I amused myself occasionally in shooting snipe and other small game. Some gentlemen of the place, who had been attentive and ministered to my wants in various kind and polite ways, proposed to treat me

Library of Congress

to a deer hunt. It was not necessary to go far from the settlement to rouse up one or more of them, it was said; and a gentleman present was the owner of several fine dogs, which he kept for the purpose of hunting them. A day was fixed on for the sport, and I anticipated much amusement and some instruction in participating in it. Besides that, if we succeeded in killing one, there was the pleasure of demolishing your share of the victory; and about these days my appetite was keen enough to relish less savoury food than venison.

On the way to the hunting ground, not over two miles from the village, I was instructed how to perform my share in the approaching tragedy. My gun had 4* 46 been carefully loaded for the occasion with several small rifle bullets, and my station was fixed out of compliment, at a point where, they said, the deer would certainly cross while the dogs were in pursuit. It was at the side of a road, passing through a very dense forest of large trees, where the opening or width of the road was at least forty feet, affording a rare chance to a marksman to make sure of his game. Others were stationed at other points, so that it was hardly probable but that some one of the party would get a shot should the dogs be able to start one.

We had not been long at our place, when the cry of the hounds resounded through the extensive and noble forest that surround the beautiful village of Hendersonville, giving us notice that they were performing their part of the duty assigned to them, and to be prepared for ours. For a while their noise grew fainter and fainter, as if they were taking their leave of us and of our part of the forest; but anon their voices grew louder, and stretched off in another and more southerly direction, but approaching more nearly to where our station was. Presently their cry became more direct, and it was clearly apparent that the direction was now for us. A gentleman rode up hastily and exclaimed, "Now, captain, be prepared; they are coming this way 47 full drive, and will cross somewhere near where you are."

I was not kept long in suspense. I could shoot woodcock, English snipe, and partridges on the wing, and although not what would be called a good shot, yet my success at this has

Library of Congress

been respectable. But to shoot at a deer on the full run was more than I had the courage to do.

The gentleman on horseback had not got more than fifty yards from me, when the most beautiful and thrilling sight that my eyes ever beheld met my view. Within thirty yards of me there crossed the road, and, as it seemed to me, by a single bound, two deer, a male and female, side by side. If it had been to have saved my life I could not have fired on them! My admiration was so intense that I stood fixed like a statue, totally incapable of thinking of anything but the beauty and majesty of their appearance. As long as I live I shall retain a vivid recollection of their elegance and unsurpassing fleetness, as they bounded into the dark recesses of the forest. Many were the reproaches I received for not improving the opportunity so fairly exposed to a marksman; I acknowledged my error, and home we went.

But this was not the end of the hunt; for the poor animals being hard pressed by the dogs, took to the 48 river, which were seen by my people on board of the steamboat. They manned the small boat, and, after considerable trouble and fatigue, succeeded in capturing the male, and a fine fat fellow it was for the season.

THE ENGLISH LADY.

About thirty miles below Cincinnati, on the left bank of the Ohio, in the state of Kentucky, at the small village of Belleview, stands very conspicuously, on a gentle eminence, a tasty cottage-built house, with a portico extending the whole length of the front. The house is destitute of paint, but the clean green sward which covers the whole open space in front and which precipitately descends to the verge of the river, with a row of the beautiful Chinese tree called the Ailanthus ornamenting the brow of the hill, gave the place a graceful and airy appearance.

Library of Congress

Beyond the clearing, which formed an area of about two hundred acres, the primeval forest stood in full luxuriance of landscape, forming a rich background to the 50 picture, worthy of the inspiration of the poet and the genius of the painter.

From the front of the house in a northwesterly direction, on the Indiana side of the river, there is to be seen the new and beautiful town of *Aurora*, not inaptly named, as the sun disperces the mists which collect on the bosom of the river. To the left about three miles below, there is another new and picturesque town called the *Rising Sun*. The extreme points of the river view embrace a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. As you view this charming landscape in the twilight of a summer's evening, the imagination readily assents to the propriety of its name. It is Belleview indeed!

I was respectfully approached early one morning as I was busily engaged in my counting room, by a gentlemanly looking man of about fifty years of age, to know, as a preliminary, if my name was D.

"That is my name."

"I have called," said he, "by the advice of a friend to disclose to you my situation, and to ask your aid to help me out of my embarrassments."

"Go on, sir, I am all attention."

"I am an Englishman," he continued, "I came to this country two or three years since with what I supposed ample means to establish myself in some kind of business, sufficiently lucrative to give my family a genteel support. I have in furtherance of this view purchased a farm, a beautiful spot on the river, about thirty miles below this, in Boone county, Kentucky. I have paid a large share of the purchase, and have erected a distilling house on the back part of the premises, where it is my intention to carry on the business extensively. With moderate assistance now, I can begin in two weeks to deliver whiskey on account of any advance that you might see fit to make me; and I am now ready to enter

Library of Congress

into a contract to continue the consignment of whiskey for the advances that you may be willing to make.”

After reflecting a minute or two I said, “from your own brief statement it is evident enough that you have embarked in a business which will require more means to carry it on successfully than you possess, and that it is of a nature where credit in the ordinary way cannot be used.”

“What you say, sir, is too true; and unless I can obtain the required assistance, I shall lose all the money that I have expended in building the distillery.”

“What is the sum that you require to enable you to go on to advantage?”

“Three hundred dollars.”

“Who are your friends here to whom you can refer?”

52

“Messrs. C. and D. D.”

“Very well, I will consult my partner who is now absent, and will give you an answer tomorrow. Your name, sir, if you please?”

“Bruce. John Bruce.”

Mr. Bruce was a well made man, of good height, inclining to an *embonpoint* appearance; a full face, slightly marked with the ravages of the smallpox, a mouth full of sound and beautiful teeth, large blue eyes uncommon expression, shaded with very heavy brows, a full head of black hair, with a few white ones about the temples, just enough to show the marks of the frost of age; his dress was John Bull to the life; a blue coat with metal buttons, a buff waistcoat, drab smallclothes, and white top boots. It could not be denied that he was also a gentleman in manners, but some part of the polish was wanting.

Library of Congress

As we had large orders for whiskey, and having obtained a fair character of him from our neighbours, the Messrs. C. and D. D., we came to the conclusion to advance him the required amount, taking at the same time a paper expressive of the agreement.

We soon completed the large orders we had for this article, and having other and important business that constantly engaged our daily attention, Mr. Bruce and his whiskey were almost lost sight of. Time rolled on, 53 days and weeks passed away, and no information reached us of this adventure. The gentlemen, also, who recommended were without information; and business not particularly pressing at this time, it was deemed advisable to look into this matter, and for this purpose to visit the place of operations.

It was a warm summer's evening, the sun had sunk behind the distant hills of Indiana, a slight mist began to rise from the still smooth waters of the *Bellevue*, when I arrived at the dwelling already described, of Mr. Bruce.

A black woman answered my summons with the information that Mr. B. had not yet returned from the distillery, but that Mrs. B. was at home.

The day had been sultry, scarcely a cloud had passed to soften the scorching beams of the sun, and not being accustomed to riding on horseback, I felt anything but well, or in a good temper, I had made up my mind to tell Mr. Bruce that his treatment of this matter was not handsome, and that it was unbecoming a man of good character. In short, I was exceedingly provoked and out of patience.

These, and numerous other unkind thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, as I slowly walked my tired horse to a near-by fence, to await such accommodation as might be offered me on the return of the master of 554 the place. The rein was carelessly thrown over a projecting post, and I had just commenced a hasty glance or two about the premises, when the servant woman came with Mrs. Bruce's compliments, with a request to walk into the house.

I shall never forget the thrill of admiration and delight that took full possession of all my faculties as this beautiful woman introduced herself, and using my name with all the freedom and familiarity of an old acquaintance. "You little dream," said she, "that we look upon you down here as an old friend! Your kindness to Mr. B. has been no often the subject of conversation, that it seems as if I had known you for many years. I knew it was you, as soon as I saw you through the window, and it was stupid in *Nance* not to have asked you in when you first came. To tell you all the truth, as soon as I saw you coming, I ran to my room to put on a clean wrapper. I have not had time, as you see, to make my boys look decent, but you will make allowances for us, who seldom or never have any company to call. Our neighbours are kind enough in their way, but they have no tastes or feelings to share with us, or we with them; besides, some of them have taken a dislike to Mr. Bruce because he is English, and others because he has not the means to be as liberal as when we first settled here, a little more than a year since.

55

"It is a lonely life," she continued with a deep sigh, "that we lead here; but I find employment and ever comfort in looking after my two boys; and amidst this pursuit forget happier times that have passed away; or rather, I should say, try to do so."

"Then," I said, "you have no neighbours that you reciprocate visits with?"

"No not one! When we first came here, Mrs. Wilis, who lives in the large brick mansion below the ferry house, called to proffer neighbourly kindnesses and to welcome me to Belleview, but now we never see her, or any of the family, except it is to call to collect the wages of the black woman who belongs to her.

"Mr. Bruce is seldom home during the day, and when he is, the disappointments and vexations he has met with since he undertook the purchase of this place, and the manufacture of whiskey, keep his mind fretted; this added to numerous privations,

Library of Congress

sometimes reaching almost to the necessities of life, as well as the comforts, I freely confess I am not well contented here!

“I make no apology to you for being thus free in disclosing some of the ground on which we stand, because I know that sooner or later you will be made acquainted with all that I have already told you, and more too. But here comes Mr. Bruce.”

It is not necessary to the object that I have in view, 56 to go over the apologies and explanations made by that gentleman in justification of his course of conduct. In the morning I examined into his affairs, and took a thorough view of his whiskey establishment, and came to the conclusion that more help must be given him, or what we had advanced was lost.

I figured up the necessary things that he would yet want to enable him to go on advantageously, and found that by this statement we should have to advance him another considerable sum.

To secure what had been, and a farther sum to be advanced, I proposed that he should give me a bond and mortgage on all his effects, distillery apparatus, household furniture, &c. This he readily assented to; and as he was himself a lawyer, he volunteered to draw the papers, and have them ready for the inspection of our legal adviser.

This matter being completed, and the money paid, things began to wear a more favourable aspect. After the elapse of a short time, we received notice that whisky was waiting at Belleview landing to be delivered to our order. But this favourable state did not last long. Another visit was made to know the difficulty. Another advance was to be made, or the whole work would stop. A new mill was to be built, &c.

We had a large order to fulfil of tobacco; and as 57 there was at Bellevue, on Mr. Bruce's premises, a public ware house and inspection of that article, I availed myself of an invitation of Mr. B. to spend a short time at his house, while I executed the aforesaid order.

Library of Congress

I have already said that Mrs. B. was beautiful; she was more. There was an indescribable sweetness and benignity in the tones of her voice and kindness of manner that won the admiration of all that came within the influence of her fascinations. Her person was small but exquisitely formed. The features were large, but the fault was lost in the symmetrical and harmonious arrangement of the whole. Her complexion is better described in the words of an old poet:—

“Her pure and eloquent blood so completely wrought, That you would have almost said her body thought.” *Dr. Donne*.

Her age could not have been above twenty-two or three; and although the mother of two large boys, she had not much the resemblance of a married woman. As our acquaintance increased, and we became more and more intimate, I occasionally asked some questions in relation to her birth, parentage, and former life. At 5* 58 various times and on various occasions, I gathered from her the following brief history.

She was a native of Lowestoft, a small town in Suffolk county, celebrated for sea-bathing, situated about one hundred miles northeast of London. Her education was as completely fashionable as money could make it. At the early age of seventeen, or a little more, she married a gentleman of wealth and much respectability of that county. It had the approbation of friends of both families, and as much happiness as falls to the lot of mortals to enjoy, was fondly anticipated by the new married couple.

After a residence of only a few months at a country house, purchased and furnished solely for their use, a cousin of her husband's, a young and fashionable rake, became a visiter, and soon enamoured with her; and sought every opportunity of ingratiating himself into her favour, and to sap the foundation of a pure, unsuspecting, and unspotted heart. The flattery was as sweet as it was unexpected. Unconscious of his designs, and pleased as well as amused with his unceasing attention; privileged, also, by his relation to her

husband to enjoy the hospitalities of the house, many little freedoms were allowed him, which, to the cool eye of prudence and propriety, would have been pronounced improper.

59

Her husband was a man passionately fond of field sports; and whenever the weather was favourable for enjoying them, he arose before the dawn of day, and frequently was several miles from home at daybreak. The young man was no stranger to these habits, and laid his plan accordingly. Her sleeping apartments were on the ground floor, in a wing of the main building, — consequently somewhat remote from those occupied by the domestics of the establishment.

One morning, fatal to her future peace, her husband had left her, as it was his practice, leaving the door as usual unlocked, herself in unconscious sleep, the murderous villain of an unstained reputation stole quietly into her bedroom, and was in the act of obtruding himself into her bed, when her husband broke suddenly in upon them!

Quite innocent of having participated in any of the circumstances which had so fatally conspired to bring this ruin on herself, — young and inexperienced, — instead of meeting the reproaches of her incensed and jealous husband by mild explanations, — acting upon the feeling, that instead of having done wrong, wrong had been done to her, she refused all explanations.

The consequences are easily foreseen. Violent altercation, and much domestic misery ensued. Relatives of both took sides for and against. Exaggerated reports, and unfounded and malignant stories were circulated, garnished and enlarged as they passed from gossip to gossip.

Her husband followed up the discovery with an action of divorce. Her respectability and good fame were effectually blasted, and her peace of mind destroyed forever.

Library of Congress

She removed to London, where her friends employed counsel to defend her innocence, and to resist the suit for divorce. Mr. Bruce was employed, among other counsel, in her behalf. He represented himself as an unmarried man, a widower. Whether her cause was well managed or not, it is useless to speculate about it; the husband prevailed and a divorce was granted, which effectually set a seal upon a blighted reputation, and which could not be removed while she remained in England.

At the conclusion of the suit, Mr. Bruce made her an offer of marriage, and an immediate embarkation for America. For reasons which he alleged to be connected with the recovery of a large property, the marriage ceremony could not be performed in England; but as soon as they arrived in America, it should be legally consummated.

It never was performed! He was a married man! He had left a wife and family in England. She died 61 in Louisville a few years after, a victim to misplaced confidence.

Unfortunate lady! She deserved a better fate. Mr. Bruce returned to England and was reunited to his family.

A VISIT TO ST. LOUIS.

The navigation of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio, about two hundred miles, to St. Louis, is far more difficult and dangerous than any other part of that magnificent stream. There are more islands to encounter, more sudden and jutting points to get round, more sunken rocks and snags to avoid than any other portion of the river that I have seen or heard of. When the freshet is on and the river full, it is awful and grand to see its tremendous power. A whole island has been swept away in a few hours, without leaving a vestige of its existence, or anything to mark Where it once stood. I have had places pointed out to me by the pilots of where whole crops of corn and potatoes have been precipitated into the rapid stream, frustrating the 63 hopes and blasting the expectations of the owners. With few exceptions the whole distance is like passing through a wilderness

Library of Congress

of wood and water. There are two or three inconsiderable settlements on the western side of the river; St. Genevieve and Herculaneum are remembered as important only as places where lead and shot are shipped. With these exceptions, no others are recollected that could be dignified with the name of town or village. On both shores or banks there were occasional settlements, where a single farmer had made a beginning and some improvements visible; and there were also scattered along both banks people who collected wood for the steamboat. But at the time I speak of, nearly twenty years since, they were like angels' visits, "few and far between."

My first visit to St. Louis was in the steamboat *Mars*, a long and shallow boat, with machinery and wheels in the stern. The consequence was, that to create a balance the cargo was stowed mostly forward. The boilers were on deck, placed longitudinally. Over the whole there was another deck which covered the cabins. We left Louisville with a full cargo and as many passengers as we could accommodate, and our prospect of a good and quick voyage was cheering.

Nothing of consequence occurred till we reached the Mississippi. For several hours previous, masses of 64 thick dark clouds had been gradually accumulating in the west, and some of the more knowing ones had predicted a *gust*. It was late in the afternoon when we rounded the point that separates the two rivers; and when the boat struck the stream, such was the power of the current that the force of the engine was scarcely sufficient to stem it. She nodded, and shook, and trembled like one afflicted with the fever and ague. It is next to an impossibility to convey a notion of the accumulated force and power of this mighty river, and the grandeur and awe which take possession of the mind, as you see and feel its gigantic effects. It is the omnipotence of an almighty power; and the contemplation of it sinks a man to the estimation of a feather.

The tremendous force of the current will be better understood when I state that a new steamboat, built at New York, from New Orleans bound to St. Louis, was lying here, unable by the power of her engine to proceed any further.

We had made but small progress, when the squall, which had been threatening for some time, burst upon us, and drove the boat in among the small trees or saplings that line the edge of the river, and indeed cover the whole point for nearly half a mile on the Mississippi side. The starboard guard gave way, and with it every article that had been placed on it was swept clean away: 65 chairs, tables, baskets, and other household stuff belonging to a deck passenger, were all launched into the roaring gulf, to be seen by us no more forever. By dint of great exertions we freed her out of the trees and slowly wended our way till we came opposite the first island, about a mile from the mouth of the Ohio. Here we had to submit to a greater power than we could overcome, and were compelled to make fast to some large trees. With the aid of warps added to the power of the engine, we passed the island, and went on our way, literally rejoicing.

Our first stop was at a wood-pile, but very lately established by a man by the name of Brooks. He had formerly kept wood for the boats some short distance below St. Genevieve, at a place called *Bois Bruillé*. The pilots knew him well, and he was considered by them as a piece of curiosity. He was a well made man, rather under the usual height, about forty-five or fifty years old, with very black, bushy hair, and with a beard of the same hue, extending quite up to his eyes; the thickest and heaviest black beard I had ever seen. He was without hat, coat, and waistcoat, and had no shoes or boots on. He wanted liquor, either rum, brandy, or whiskey. I told him we had none to spare; had only laid in enough for stores, and that I never sold it; that I had sometimes exchanged a little for dainties, and that if he had any chickens, or ducks, or any other fresh provisions, I would spare him some in exchange for these. He had none. He had venison, he said, in plenty.

“That will do,” said I, “as well as ducks and chickens.”

I accompanied him to his residence, a short distance off, which consisted of a few logs, piled into a square, just hewed enough to lie still, but not sufficient to keep out daylight or rain; and here I found quite a family—a wife and several children; the oldest a girl well grown, who, on our approach, disappeared behind the logs, and to my great surprise and

Library of Congress

no little amusement, I could see through the openings was changing her dress. She soon completed her toilet and returned, having on a white muslin frock, barefoot, and looking as proudly as if she was a belle of the best fashion. While I was making these observations, I noticed Brooks was getting down his rifle. I remarked to him that if he intended to furnish me with fresh venison, it was advisable to be active about it, as the wood would soon be loaded, and that I should not wait after that was in.

"I'll not be gone long," said he, and away he started. I then said to his wife, "Does your husband suppose that I can keep a steamboat waiting while he is hunting 67 deer? I supposed, from what he said, that he had 'plenty of venison' already in the house."

"He'll not be gone long, sir."

"Yes, but good woman, I cannot wait."

While thus conversing with her, and was just moving to return to the boat, when the report of a gun was heard. "That is him, sir; and he will be here in a minute or two."

"Sure enough, Mr. Brooks made his appearance with a deer on his back, with "There, Captain, I want a quart of brandy for that are one!"

The ease and certainty of procuring venison was explained by Brooks. It appeared that but a short distance from his house there was a small spring, that had some salt in the composition of the water, and it hardly ever happened that deer could not be found at and round about it.

From all that I could learn of Mr. Brooks, I should judge that he was a man with something of Daniel Boon's disposition, but upon rather a smaller scale. His reason for leaving *Bois Bruillé* was that some people had lately settled near him, and interfered in some way or another with his easy habits. It would have been nearer the truth, as I subsequently was informed, had Mr. Brooks confessed that he had long depredated upon the public lands,

Library of Congress

and had been found out; and 68 that the chief reason for removing to the place he now occupied, was a free use of the wood and timber, without there being much probability of soon being called to account for it.

The night following, while we were quietly wending our way, and there was nothing to interrupt the stillness of a dark and gloomy night, save the dashings of the turbulent Father of Waters, when, all of a sudden, we were alarmed with the most horrid yells that ever made night hideous. The passengers left their berths in great alarm, all wondering what on earth it could mean. It was soon explained by an old Indian hunter, who happened to be among the passengers. The noise proceeded from an Indian encampment, which had been disturbed by the puffing and blowing of our boat; and it was their mode of expressing a mixed sentiment of amazement and admiration, which had caused the alarm.

The next morning, soon after things had been made snug, by washing down the decks, and putting others in their proper places, ready and handy for use when wanted, and while I was standing by Mr. P., the chief pilot, who had charge of the wheel, the boat struck a planter. One branch of it entered the bow and was broken off by the force of the concussion; the other passed up through the guard, and was also broken off 69 and fell on deck. I could plainly hear the gushing of the water, as it rushed into the boat through the wound, and, without the loss of a minute, settled in my own mind the only way to save the boat. On the left bank there was a cluster of large trees, extending quite to the edge of the river. I directed Mr. P. to run the boat, with all the steam that could be put on her, into the woods. Mr. W., the mate, was directed to stand ready with the best hawser, having three good turns round the capstan, to spring ashore as soon as she struck the bank, and make fast to one of the large trees. All hands that could be spared were set to bailing from the main hatchway, and both pumps were put into gear and worked by the machinery. The water, however, gained upon us fast, and as we were in the middle of a wide part of the river, it became a painful and exceedingly alarming question, whether we could keep her from sinking before the shore could be reached. Fortunately I had a good set of officers and men, and every direction was well attended to, without noise or disorder of any kind.

Library of Congress

There was another lucky circumstance; the water was within about three feet of the bank, and I felt full confidence that if we could once reach the shore and get a good turn of the hawser round one of the large trees, I could save the boat and cargo. In the midst of this peril, I was beset on all 6* 70 sides by the passengers: "Captain, why don't you throw over the cargo?" "Captain, why don't you get the boat ready?" "Captain, we are sinking fast, and we shall certainly all be drowned!" The women crying, and the childred from sympathy, following the example.

How much the mind suffers in one short minute, in such a critical state! how agonizing the reflection that although it passes through the mind with the quickness of a flash, numerous lives are hanging on your skill and judgment,—and how fatal an error of either would be to those under your control! And yet in the midst of all this comes that indescribable consolation, that you are exerting all the best faculties and energies both of mind and body, and are willing to leave the issue to Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Every thing worked to a charm. The shallow curve of the bow, aided by the great power of the engine, with the soft and mellow nature of the earth, enabled the boat to mount the bank with ease; and Mr. Wilson, the mate, a Yankee, and as good a sailor as ever broke a biscuit, by his activity in getting a turn round a tree, enabled us to pin her before she had time to feel the reaction, and fall back into the stream. A very short time by taking oat cargo forward, enabled us to 71 get the wound above water, and then of course all danger ceased.

The only thing that saved us, under a good Providence, was, that a considerable portion of the tree remained in the wound, which was nearly the size of a man's body, and which left an aperture of about four inches diameter to contend with. And, indeed, as it was, we had but little to spare, as she was pretty well water logged before we reached the bank, and in two minutes more she must have inevitably sunk.

Library of Congress

I take this occasion to explain briefly the meaning of the names of these formidable enemies that obstruct the navigation of the rivers of the west, and which causes so much destruction of life and property every year.

Snags are trees that lie along the shore, projecting into the stream, and are dangerous, especially to those who are ascending, as they then generally keep near the shore.

Planters are trees under water; and in such a turbulent stream as that of the Mississippi, it is impossible to guard against them, and are by far the most dangerous to steamboats. They are trees that have been washed from the banks; and the earth that adheres to them serves as an anchor to bury the roots deep into the soft bottom of the river.

A *sawyer* is not so much to be feared. They are always partly out of water, and take their name from rising and falling, which is caused by the force of the current. Sometimes the strength of the water will bring them quite under for nearly a minute, and then they will rise ten to fifteen feet, showing how strong and deep the roots lie buried to be able to sustain so tremendous a power. A lively fancy might very fairly assimilate a resemblance of one of these huge objects, as they saw the air with their black trunks, the water roaring and foaming from their sides, with a new species of monsters. They are especially formidable and dangerous to boats descending the river in the night, as they usually lie near the middle of the stream, and in the track of such.

When we entered the Mississippi, we struck a vein of bad luck, and it seemed as if we should never get out of it. We had not gone far after the last disaster, before we broke a piece of the engine, which required a larger forge than we had on board to mend it with. The consequence was, we were compelled to haul up, and to send to Kaskaskia, the nearest point to afford aid, and patiently to wait the completion of the job.

With this our troubles did not end. The next day, while sitting in the large cabin, I discovered more smoke than usually was made from the furnaces, sailing and floating about the deck and boilers. I have previously noticed that the boilers were placed on deck. When the boat was first built, sheet iron had been nailed under them to guard the deck from the heat; but time had worn much of this away, and it was frequently the case that water had to be thrown under them to keep the planks cool, and prevent their taking fire. I soon satisfied myself that the boat was on fire in the hold. And to make it worse, there had been shingles, a portion of the cargo, stowed near the place whence the smoke issued. In one moment's reflection, I was but too sensible that if an alarm was given, we should, in all probability, be all destroyed; because it is rare that men can be controlled at such times on the water. All act upon the principle, however erroneous, that self-preservation is their only safety. I communicated freely with Mr. Wilson, the mate, and came to the conclusion of endeavouring to extinguish the fire by forming the sailors and firemen into a line with buckets, and that Mr. Wilson should jump into the hold so soon as the hatches were lifted. In this way we had conquered the fire before the alarm became general on board. It was, however, no easy matter to subdue it 74 entirely. Had this happened in the night, it is very easy to foretel the consequences, in a small boat, crowded with passengers.

Through all these formidable dangers and difficulties, I paid my visit to St. Louis. At that time it was an inconsiderable place,—although one of the first places (selected by the sagacious French,) settled in the western country. I recollect the old market house, near the steamboat landing, then suffering by age, and not much larger than a good sized shed; and old Mr. Chauteau's house, with the high walls which enclosed it, looking as if it had been constructed with an eye to defence as well as comfort. At that time, also, the Indians were numerous, visiting the place in companies of twenty or thirty at a time. All these, and much more not enumerated, have disappeared before the march of improvement, and St. Louis has risen to be a large and prosperous city.

LA FAY, THE PICKPOCKET.

Library of Congress

The summer of 18—I spent in and about the cities of Cincinnati and Louisville in various occupations, but chiefly in settling up and closing some affairs of long standing.

The season had been remarkable dry, and as a consequence the Ohio was lower than could be recollected by the oldest settlers. The rocks on the falls were completely bared; and only a small stream marked out the main course of the mighty fall of waters when this noble river is full. It is not a very uncommon thing, in the spring and fall freshets, for this rivet to rise fifty feet within the brief space of five or six days. Be that as it may, the river was so extremely low that many strangers as well as citizens, availed themselves 76 selves of the opportunity to collect numerous and singularly curious objects of petrification from among the huge masses of limestone made bare by the lowness of the water, and probably never seen before by mortal eyes.

As the autumnal season advanced, and when the semi-annual rise of water was looked for, people began to collect at Louisville, to take advantage of the first boats for the lower country. Many had the advantage of having friends and acquaintances, and partook of the well established hospitalities of the city; with such the time hung less heavily than on those who were strangers, — “mere lookers on in Venice.”

November came in with cold freezing nights, that formed sheets of thin ice round about the shores, but with little improvement to the navigation of the river. True, the water had risen a little, and this stimulated patience in some to predict a greater rise; while with others it was used as an argument that all the rise that would take place, had taken place, and that there was an effectual blockade for the winter. All the smaller boats of easy drafts of water were either above the falls, or below, about the mouth of the Ohio. The prospect was gloomy indeed, especially to those who had business and families in New-Orleans. It was curious to watch the anxious and impatient group, strolling 77 along the bank and shore of the river, with measuring sticks in their hands, examining how much had been the rise since their last examination. One inch of gain was sure to produce joyous excitement and congratulation. At length the river began to swell to some purpose; and then all was bustle

Library of Congress

and confusion. A requisition was soon made upon hacks, carts, &c., all for Portland, where the steamers lay.

It was the writer's misfortune to take passage with a large and as accomplished a set of gamblers and pickpockets as ever disgraced decent society; and foremost stood conspicuously, Mr. La Fay, the most prominent subject of my present story. He was a Frenchman, but whether a Creole or a native of France, I could never learn; nor is it of any consequence which. He could, with greater dexterity than any other man living, ease you of your purse, even although you might have had notice that your money was in danger. In person he was stout and short, not above five feet two or three inches high. His complexion swarthy, but not of the negro cast. His forehead low, almost a flat-head; with eyes black as a coal, and very deeply set in the head; the mouth was so remarkably crooked, that once having seen the man, he would not be forgotten. In dress, he was too shrewd to appear in 7 78 either extreme. When I first saw him he would have passed for a country store-keeper, or genteel farmer.

I had engaged a state-room, a large one, but gave it up to accommodate a family, mostly females. The consequence was, that I was obliged to take the soft side of the floor for nightly lodgings, till the boat should reach Natchez, where the family to which I had relinquished my state-room were to stop.

It was a sight well worth remembering to see the variety of implements brought out by the fraternity to carry on their business with: “ *The wheel of fortune*, ” “ *Rouge et noir*, ” and many others, the names of which I have forgotten.

There were some few gentlemen passengers who remonstrated with the captain for permitting the cabin to be occupied for so demoralizing and disgraceful a purpose. It was of no use. It was the old story over again: “ *Passengers must be permitted to amuse themselves*, ” &c. These few generally retired to their state-rooms, as soon as the apparatus for gambling was brought forward. Monsieur La Fay was very amiable in the

Library of Congress

first part of the passage; refused to play at any game, admonishing several young men to be cautious, and even to refrain from hazarding their money. It was not long before it became known that a passenger had had his pocket picked. The captain was summoned, 79 but it all ended in there being no search made, and the poor fellow was obliged to submit to his loss.

The gambling continued with unabated spirit; and such is the force of example that several, who were loud in the condemnation of the captain for permitting it, actually took a part in the disgusting drama. La Fay laid aside his scruples and opened a Faro Bank. What with drinking, cheating, and swearing, the scene became rich beyond description. The canopy of heaven never covered a viler set of daring and unprincipled villains. My hero was in his element. Every little while he chuckled and rubbed his hands with an expression of delight, that plainly pointed out the interest he took in the scene. Another robbery was committed in one of the state-rooms. The sum abstracted was in specie, and not much in amount. Some one said he saw La Fay coming out of the room while the rest were at dinner!

After various incidents by flood and field we reached Natches. The shore was doubly lined with flat boats and other river craft. If you could have seen at that day Natchez “ *under the Hill,* ” you would unhesitatingly have yielded to it the palm of wickedness! There is no place on the habitable globe, that could have equalled this spot in debauchery and excess of every description of crime. Neither your life nor 80 money were secure one rod from your boat. Murders were frequent, and many were the victims of these hell-hounds, the rushing current of the mighty Mississippi encircling them, and the only witness of the dark “damnation of their taking off.”

In every house there were dancing and gambling. The night was unusually dark; but having promised Mr. C., a gentleman of Shenandoah County, Virginia, to accompany him to view and examine these dens of infamy, we sallied out, after taking the necessary precaution of securing our watches and money. The first place we entered, along side the

Library of Congress

bar stood Mr. La Fay, with some others drinking. At the time I speak of, more than twenty years since, it was the custom, and dangerous was it to depart from it, to drink something on every invitation. It was deemed a flagrant insult to refuse. You could not do so without danger of personal assault.

While receiving and reciprocating the compliments usual on such occasions, my hero disappeared; and not a minute elapsed before a person who had been standing with them at the bar when we went in, cried out that he had lost his wallet and all his money. By this time, and, indeed, some time before, I had become convinced that La Fay was a pickpocket, and that he had with him one or more accomplices.

81

The large number of persons, many from the interior of the country, with their unsophisticated habits, who had assembled here for trade, afforded these gentry plenty of profitable employment. And here we parted with most of those who came down the river with us,—and *Monsieur* La Fay among the rest.

Before leaving Natchez we had some difficulty with our captain. I have already stated that I was entitled at Natchez to resume the occupancy of my state-room. A single lady, of more than ordinary beauty, and well if not fashionably dressed, had applied for a passage to New-Orleans. She had descended the river so far, from St. Louis, in a keel-boat; and was, apparently, extremely anxious to reach her friends. The captain said, and truly, that every state-room was occupied, and that such was the crowded state of the boat, that a large number had submitted to lie on the floor all the way from Louisville; that a large state-room, which had lately been occupied by a family, now left at Natchez, had been relinquished to them by a gentleman who had engaged it; and that gentleman had but just resumed the use of it; and that having deprived him so long of his rights and comfort, he could not ask, so immediately, that he should again return to the hard floor to lodge. He regretted it extremely, but it could not be helped. 7*

82

Library of Congress

As soon as I heard from the gentleman in whose charge she had come from St. Louis, of her uncomfortable situation, and great anxiety to get home, I immediately tendered her my room; and so the captain was notified. Instead of accepting of it, he said she should not come on board, that she was a Miss W., a woman of doubtful character, &c. &c. He was answered by my Virginia friend that he had promised her a passage if a state-room should become vacant; that it was unmanly and unfeeling to deprive this young lady of the opportunity to get home on vague surmises, and that if the other passengers would unite with him, she should occupy my state-room which I had so generously tendered her. This proposition was answered by a general acclamation from all the passengers. In despite of the churlish prohibition of the captain, she was escorted on board by my friend C. and some others, and regularly installed in my state-room. The captain was furious for awhile, but finding no sympathy among his numerous passengers, he quietly submitted.

The next day there was another excitement and a row, and, for awhile, considerable tumult on board. It was occasioned by a complaint made by Miss W., the young lady in question, that our immaculate captain had made improper advances to her, and requesting protection from the *gentlemen* passengers. A meeting was called in the main cabin, by Mr. C., and all the circumstances stated, which resulted in a unanimous vote, that if captain L. obtruded his person into Miss W.'s room again, personal chastisement should be inflicted upon him; and as he had seen and felt some evidences of the temper and courage of his passengers, he knew what to rely on should he have the folly to repeat the offence. After what has been related of this man, it is scarcely necessary to say, that his character was a compound of all the baser passions. He was blustering and profane, without courage; sordid and mean, while he attempted a display of generosity; a haughty coxcomb, without the manners of a gentleman. My Virginia friend, Mr. C., who was much his inferior in size, about the same age, threatened to flog him on board of his own boat. Before reaching New-Orleans we had another row. Mr. C. had with him a number of slaves, intending to settle on a cotton plantation. For some cause, not recollected, one of the engineers took upon himself to punish one of the black boys. He made a complaint

Library of Congress

to his master. C., without the least hesitation, picked up a stout piece of a hook-pole, with which he flogged the offending engineer severely.

Our voyage at length terminated. The company dispersed to their several destinations and employments.

84

In a few days La Fay made his appearance on the leveé, as a man of business! He was examining lots of whiskey with a proof-vial in his hand, strutting up and down in front of the long line of flat-boats, talking large, and making offers for whiskey two or three cents under price. He was always accompanied by one or more friends. Robberies now were of daily occurrence, and often several in a day. The line of flat-boats, at the time I am speaking about, extended from near the steamboat landing at the foot of Canal street, up to the steam saw-mills, and often much beyond, two and three tier deep. It often took a week for a boat to find a berth, so that she could land her cargo on the shore. As they all had traded, more or less, at Natchez, Bayou Sara, Baton Rouge, and along the coast, they all had more or less money; and the custom was to lock it up or hide it in some secure place, till the whole cargo was sold. These precautions were of no avail with this man. He would rob you of your money, although you had been guarded by previous notice of his intention.

For instance: the steamboat Paragon, Capt. Noble, was lying at the leveé, ready to start with several hundred deck passengers; boatmen and their crews, having disposed of their cargoes were on the point of leaving for home. The steam was up, and the boat only 85 waited for the necessary document from the custom house. While thus waiting and blowing off steam, I saw La Fay slip on board. I immediately informed Capt Noble of the fact, and recommended him to make public proclamation, that a notorious pickpocket was among them; and that they would lose their money unless they kept a bright lookout. This the captain did, much to the amusement of some, who laughed heartily, and to the terror of others, who grasped more firmly their several treasures. In a very few minutes La Fay left

Library of Congress

the boat. He had scarcely cleared the nearest corner, before a boatman discovered that his pocketbook and seven hundred dollars, the contents, were missing.

On another occasion, a crowd had collected in front of the Coffee-House in Conté-street; a gentleman who kept a store opposite, saw La Fay pick a man's pocket of his wallet; but he was so perfectly astounded as to be totally unable to give the alarm.

Some years since, I met La Fay in Pearl-street, near Peck-Slip, curiously metamorphosed. He had improved his countenance by a pair of dark green spectacles, a large wig, a broad-brimmed hat, and a large blue cloak.

It is now more than ten years since I have heard of him. The last time I ever set eyes on him was in Philadelphia, 86 at a large hotel. He took a seat at the table nearly opposite, and had scarcely commenced his meal, when he discovered that I was his neighbour. He immediately left the table, paid his bills and quitted the house.

It is worthy of remark, that whatever place he honoured with his presence, there were crimes of almost every hue committed. At Cincinnati, while he remained there, about three weeks, two steamboats were burnt at the wharf, and the large hotel at the corner of Broadway and Second-street, was burnt to the ground. Several attempts to fire other parts of the city were made; and rooms were robbed in the middle of the day, and pockets picked without number.

This man must have lived a wretched life. His face was seldom free from marks of violence. The labour he bestowed on his crimes would have made him wealthy, had it taken a virtuous direction.

He must have been well known to our police; because a character so notorious could not have escaped the knowledge of the high constable.

A VISIT TO LOUISVILLE.

Library of Congress

During my sojourn in the west, I had frequently to perform journeys on horseback, which sometimes extended to several days' duration. For instance, I have rode from Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania to Louisville in Kentucky; but, as one of my objects was to examine the country, I took it very leisurely, only travelling when the weather and my own humour united to make it agreeable. At Pittsburgh, where I had been staying for some time, I formed acquaintance with several merchants, who were shipping their goods by keel-boats, at that time a universal custom, and among the rest, a Mr. C. of Louisville. He had a large amount of goods, of too much value to be sent so great a distance without a trusty guard; and at the same time he had with him a favourite horse, which he had rode from Louisville to Philadelphia, and so far back. To sell his favourite Tom, was a sacrifice he was not disposed to submit to; to trust all his goods to strangers, was also a matter not to be thought of, and in this dilemma I found him, fretting himself into a fever. "If," said he, "I could only find some one that would ride him to Cincinnati, it is only a hundred miles from home, and from there I could get him every week in the year, I should be well content."

I volunteered to take Tom to Louisville, which enabled him to accompany his goods, and relieved him of his perplexities.

My companion of the voyage was a Mr. W. of Philadelphia, also going to Louisville, a Presbyterian, and was suffering under a religious "concernment." I have much cause of gratitude to this gentleman for the assistance he rendered me, with other aid, in getting rid of the odious vice of using profane language. On halting at a tavern, his custom was, to retire to a private apartment, for worship. He had a pocket Bible, which was a close and delightful companion, and which he used without parade or ostentation.

Somewhere on the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia, we stopped at a public house, where we found a number of young men, drinking whiskey and freely disobeying the third commandment. I did my best to dissuade my fellow-traveller from interfering; but his zeal was new and ardent, and prudent remonstrance only inflamed the already excited mind. He reproved them rather sharply for their indecent and vulgar habits of drinking

Library of Congress

and swearing, but more especially the latter. All the satisfaction he obtained was, to hear himself cursed, and being called “a damned hypocritical Methodist.” As usual he retired to his devotions. While thus employed, these “sons of Belia!” were concocting a plan of mischief against my friend; which was no less than that he should be compelled to drink a half pint of whiskey, as a punishment for impertinently interfering with their enjoyments.

Seeing how matters were arranged, I proposed an additional libation, and that it should be at my expense. This drew down “thunders of applause,” as they say at the theatre. They contrasted my bearing with my companion's, with sundry and divers compliments to me, while Mr. W. was cursed up hill and down. While the potations were being prepared, I slipped out and warned my companion of his danger, and at the same time advised him to get to horse without a moment's delay. My intentions were suspected, I suppose, for it was not many minutes before they set up a yell that would not have disgraced savages. They 8 90 discovered Mr. W. just as he was about to mount his horse, and to seize him before he could effect that object, was what they aimed at. He had a very narrow escape of it; for the headmost of the gang had got so far as to get hold of his right foot, before he gave spurs to his horse. This he did, and fortunately got clear. Had they succeeded in detaining him, he would have suffered severely. Some of them showed a disposition to quarrel with me, because I had aided in his escape; but by a little well-timed pleasantry, they suffered me to depart without much grumbling.

Overtaking my friend, I said, “You are familiar with the Scriptures, and you surely recollect the advice of *One* whom you will joyfully admit to have spoken with authority, that you should not ‘cast pearls before swine;’ and the consequences if you did,—that they would ‘turn and rend you.’ I have never seen or met with a more perfect illustration of the wisdom of this sacred admonition than has been made manifest to-day in your person. It was next to a miracle that they did not ‘*rend* you.’”

He admitted the truth of this, and promised to be more circumspect in future.

Library of Congress

The great abundance of bituminous coal found in this region of country, is another evidence of the goodness of an All-wise Creator, and a manifestation of the 91 abundance of provision made for the generations of his creatures yet to spread over the face of the earth. For a considerable portion of the distance from Pittsburgh to Wheeling may occasionally be seen, along the road-side, *strata* of this useful mineral, coming almost to the surface; and such is the abundance and facility of procuring it, at both of these cities, that any quantity may be had, delivered at the door, for less than twelve York shillings a chaldron; and it is equally abundant along the banks of the Youghiogany and Monongahela Rivers. There is, therefore, an inexhaustible supply, for manufacturing and other purposes, of this useful article for unborn generations, and probably till time shall be no more.

Soon after we entered the State of Ohio, Mr. W. left me, not being willing to travel as slow as I did. The day after he left me, it came on to rain, which drove me into the first tavern I came to. This was a good looking brick building, and had the appearance of being more than ordinarily genteel for a country tavern. To my questions, "Can I have accommodation till the rain is over?" and "Can I have a room and bed to myself?" the good lady, after adjusting her spectacles and taking a thorough stare, said, "Yes; I guess you can."

At this house I saw for the first time rifle shooting *à la* Kentucky. For a half pint of whiskey, two neighbours, 92 who had been out after game, but driven in by the rain, displayed their skill by firing at a mark. The result was truly wonderful. The distance was eighty yards, and they neither ever varied from the size of a dollar. The most remarkable thing,—the one that mostly excited my admiration,—was the position of the marksmen. They first threw back the right leg fully three feet, then dropped the point of the gun near the earth, and gradually raised it to the mark, with the right arm or elbow pointing up to an angle of forty-five degrees.

When it was bedtime I desired to be shown to my room. The landlady said, "It is at the head of the stairs." I found a decent sized bedroom, sure enough, but divided in the

Library of Congress

middle by a large coverlid being nailed or fastened to the wall. The first bed I came to was occupied by a man. Supposing my "room" to be behind the arras, I pulled it aside, and found two females in the occupancy of the only other bed to be seen. I walked down stairs, and said, "You have made a mistake, or I have, good lady. The room you directed me to has two beds in it, and both are occupied."

"Oh, la! it is only *Squire Holbrook*, as clean and as nice a man as you ever laid with; and the other bed is my two daughters."

"Yes, madam; I have no disposition to dispute the 93 cleanliness of the gentleman you name; but I never sleep with any man; and I asked you especially, when I first stopped, whether I could have a room and bed to myself."

"Why, la, now!" said the landlady, "who would have thought you would be so particular! Sally and Dolly shall get up this instant, and you shall have their bed."

"No, madam," said I, "I will not take their bed, even if they leave it; and so you had best not disturb them."

This touched her pride. "My *gals*," said she, "are nice, clean gals as any you can find; and you are the most particularest gentleman I ever seed."

I took my cloak and with some rugs made a very good bed on a settee, to the great amazement of the hostess. She could not comprehend why I would not lie with Squire Holbrook; and, worst of all, why I would not take Dolly and Sally's bed. We parted in the morning very good friends, but she could not yet comprehend my objections to the sleeping arrangements; and insisted upon it to the last, that I was " *the most particularest gentleman she ever seed.* "

At Columbus, then but a small place, I dined in company with the judges and lawyers of a court then being held, and was much amused, and not a little disgusted, 8* 94 in hearing

Library of Congress

one of the judges quote, during a dispute with a lawyer, freely from a vulgar and indecent story of Dean Swift's. At this distant day, I do not even remember the name of the story; but then I was fresh from the reading of the English classics, and could well remember all that was particularly striking, either as a beauty or a deformity. I told him that there were other people at the table beside himself that had read Swift, and that he must excuse me if I said his quotations were unfit for a dinner table. He said he had not supposed that there was another person at the table that had ever heard of the story, much more as having read it. "Your reproof is proper and in good keeping," said he, "and in future I shall look sharper about me before I undertake to display my readings."

At Cincinnati I heard much said of a beautiful woman, and the description given was a strong resemblance of a distant relative who had been unfortunate in marriage, and had moved somewhere west. I soon found the house, and undertook my own introduction. It was summer weather, and the only light in the room was reflected from a lamp in the fireplace, and that shaded by a slight screen: "I have come," I said, "to see Madam L."

"That is my name," said a remarkably sweet voice, 95 and the lady rose and came toward me, adding, "I do not recollect ever to have seen you before."

I then stated to her that I had a cousin married to a gentleman of that name, whom she resembled in person, and that her Christian name was Sophia.

"My husband's name is L.; but my Christian name is not Sophia."

I noticed a gentleman sitting on the sofa at the farther end of the room, who had remained mute and motionless. I intended to have left immediately, but the lady put so many questions to me, that I found it inconsistent with the bering of a gentleman to get away without answering her queries, and I remained chatting till after ten o'clock. I did not notice when the man left the room; but he was gone long before I left the house. I had made it a practice, during the whole of this journey, to carry about me a brace of pocket pistols, wherever I went where danger was; and on this occasion, although I did not dream of

Library of Congress

danger, I had not removed them from my pockets. The lady followed me to the door, invited me to call again, and bid me good night. The moon shone resplendently, which produced a greater degree of darkness in the shade, and suggested to my mind, as that quarter of the city seemed deserted, except here and there might be seen a solitary individual wending his way home, there might be danger from some of the alleys and deep shaded corners, and had just pulled out the pistol from the right hand pocket, when I saw the arm and the bright gleaming of a dirk descending with no equivocal direction from the recess of a door way. I escaped by a quick motion, cocked my pistol, and demand a parley. "I could easily take your life now," I said, "but I have a great curiosity to know why you want to take mine. If you want my money, I have very little about me, and I cannot conceive any other object that you can have in wishing to murder me."

He still kept his station in the shade; but on the approach of footsteps, he said, in a low, sullen voice, "Keep away from Mrs. L.'s, or the next time you may not be so fortunate as to avoid my dagger."

The language was not good English: evidently a foreigner, but of what nation it was impossible to determine. The character of the lady could not, any longer, be mistaken. I never saw either afterward.

My first stage from Cincinnati was Big Bone, about twenty miles from the former place. Here, surrounded on all sides by lofty and picturesque hills, is the famous mineral spring, around which so many relics of the mammoth have been dug from among the blue mud caused by the mineral properties of the water. Indeed, it was here, I believe, the first complete set of bones of a perfect animal were found, to establish the existence of a race of monsters no longer inhabitants of our globe. Only a few years since, comparatively, this spot was the resort of numerous herds of buffalo; and there were people living in Kentucky, at that time, who had hunted them often and often. There is still a trace way, made by these animals, distinctly to be seen, from the Blue Licks, in the northeastern part of this state, to this place. Here is a large hotel of modern and

Library of Congress

tasteful construction, established for the accommodation of the fashionables, where a large number resort in summer from the neighbouring towns and cities.

From here to the Kentucky River the country is hilly and wild, with many ravines and branches, as the brooks and small streams are called in that country, to cross, and the road is none of the best nor plainest, and being a stranger, it took considerable time to examine and feel my way with certainty.

Within a few miles of the Kentucky River, the weather being misty and foggy, I noticed a man on horseback, riding slowly along a field inside the fence, and several others off a little distance as attending on him; and that, from appearances, they were driving some kind of animals—hogs, probably. As I wished to be sure that I was in the right road, I waited awhile, till they had passed me some little distance, when I hailed the party. A brief consultation took place, when one was detached, who approached me in a run. There was something so strange in the manner, that I inquired what they were driving. “Partridges,” (quails,) said he.

“I was not aware,” I said, “that these birds could be driven. In my country they are wild to a proverb. Why do you drive them?”

“To take them, to be sure.”

“How, in what way?”

“In nets, made for the purpose; and this is the right kind of weather to drive them in.”

On examination, I found they used nets made very much in the shape and size of those used by our fishermen, with large mouths, tapering off toward the end, and were set beside the fence among the bushes, in the same way that fish-nets are set. The twine they use in the construction of their nets is something finer than that used for fish; and the nets are probably something narrower. The quantity of birds taken in this way is almost

Library of Congress

incredible. Subsequently, at Cincinnati, I bought them out of the market for fifty cents a dozen!

The scenery about the Kentucky River is on a magnificent scale of greatness. The heights are lofty, and covered very generally to the very tops with a rich verdure, with here and there peaks shooting up still higher, affording the vultures a secure spot on which to devour their prey; and which are here to be seen in great numbers, sailing and soaring about the azure-vaulted heavens, placing themselves far beyond the reach of man, and bidding defiance to all created power.

On these hills, on the projecting points of craggy rocks, overhanging the foaming cataract, the vigilant eagle builds her nest, and rears her young,—a wilder and more desolate region uninhabitable cannot be found short of the Rocky Mountains. The road over the hills was so precipitous, and winding as it did along the edges of frightful gulfs, that I concluded it wiser to walk to the top; indeed, it was so steep that it would have been difficult to keep the saddle. By the time I had reached the level ground the sun had set and left me in no enviable condition. It was yet several miles to Mr. Osborn's, where I had been directed to stop for the night, the road circuitous, among a growth of small oaks, and myself a total stranger. I rode at a brisk rate, and before it was quite dark emerged into an open, settled country. I continued at every house, and from every person I met, to inquire for my place of destination. Some laughed outright, when I asked the question whether it was a good house for accommodation; and some evaded it by saying, that Mr. B., a little way ahead, kept a good house. On I jogged, and finally reached the place, excessively fatigued and a good deal out of humour. It was too dark to see from the road the appearance of the building; but it was Mr. Osborn's, and I anticipated a comfortable supper of venison, partridges, or something equally savoury; for I was hungry as well as tired.

How shall I describe the wretched hut and equally wretched people that occupied it? and my own great disappointment and deep chagrin? The family consisted of an old man and his wife, a widowed daughter and her two sons, about eight and nine years old. There

Library of Congress

was neither meat nor bread, tea nor coffee, nor refreshments of any kind in the house. It was in the month of July, and the only light was from brush wood, burnt in the fire-place. It was only a log hut, and but one room, in which was the only bed in the house, and that took up nearly the whole space,—certainly more than half. There was only one opening beside the door, and that was an apology for a window, about the size of a large pane of glass. To say the truth, I was afraid to complain. I ventured, however, to ask, if they made it a business to entertain travellers? The old man said, they did sometimes, but then he had only his wife and himself; that the widow and her boys had but lately been added to the family. After seeing my horse secured among some logs, a sort of pen, and plenty of new oats just from the field to eat, I tied a handkerchief LC 101 tight round my head, put on a white roundabout, which I buttoned close up to my chin, and then laid down on the top of the bed. Oh! how I suffered that night! Hungry and tired, the room almost as hot as a heated oven, the bugs as tormenting in imagination as those that reached my face were in fact; add to all which, an apprehension that I was not safe, from the fact that I must have been directed to this place by design, and you can have some notion of my sufferings!

Years have relied by, and a wide space separates me from the spot; but the recollections of that night are as vivid as those of yesterday's transactions.

I reached Louisville the next day, where I found kind attentions and generous hospitality; and such as are only to be found among a warm hearted and intelligent people, inheriting the virtues of their Virginian ancestors. 9

GENERAL HARRISON.

Something less than twenty miles below Cincinnati, in a bend formed by a bold sweep of the Ohio river, is the residence of a gentleman, as much distinguished for kindness and hospitality, as he is for success in many battles which he has fought for his country. Like the owner, the house, if distinguished as anything remarkable in its appearance, it would be plainness and simplicity. The front of the building has a southern aspect, looking

Library of Congress

directly down the river, and is about five miles from the mouth of the Big Miami. The estate embraces very nearly or quite eighteen hundred acres: on which are, beside the mansion-house, several dwellings occupied by the tenants. It is scarcely necessary to say that I am speaking of the residence of General Harrison.

If there is any one trait, more than another, in the character of this excellent man, that distinguishes him in the private and social circle, it is the absence of every feeling of self. In relating and describing the various scenes through which he has passed, and the thousand events with which he has been connected, you feel that the recitals are for your instruction and entertainment, and are not intended to blazon his own merits, whatever the transactions may have been. He is better educated, and is in possession of more knowledge, than the public generally have given him credit for. He has a better knowledge of the history of men and nations, than almost any person of my extensive acquaintance; and speaks and writes better on all subjects that are not strictly scientific, than most men. From long experience in public affairs, aided by a naturally correct and vigorous mind, he is eminently qualified to form correct opinions; and has energy and independence enough to act unbiased by public or private influences. There is no man more universally beloved by his immediate neighbours than General Harrison. On one occasion, when he was a candidate, I think for a seat in the legislature, there was only one vote against him in the whole township; and this vote was thrown more in a spirit of bravado than in actual opposition: the man declaring publickly that he voted against the General, because it should not be said that there was not a man in the town who had independence enough to vote against him.

In person General Harrison is somewhat slender, but capable of enduring great labour, and can undergo more fatigue than almost any man of his age. His complexion is dark, with very prominent features, and with eyes exceedingly black and brilliant, set deep in the head, and shaded with large bushy eyebrows.

Library of Congress

An ardent love of country is another strong characteristic, and it appears in all his public and private history. One of the best and most patriotic speeches ever delivered in the halls of Congress, was made on a proposition by him to erect at the public expense a monument to the memory of Kosciusko, the brave Polander, who aided us in battling for our liberties.

There are in his private life numerous acts of liberality and benevolence, which have been the main cause of his not having acquired wealth. His name and money have been too often brought into requisition by those of his rear neighbours who wanted help, to leave him rich in anything, save the proud consciousness of having acted well his part in all the various relations of life. Many old soldiers have found comfortable homes 105 at "North Bend," and have been fed and clothed by the noble and generous hearted General.

His tenants frequently aided in despoiling him, by taking advantage of his generosity and kindness. Many are the instances of poor families landing at his door, destitute of nearly every comfort, and often of the necessities of life, who have been provided with comfortable homes; and when fostered and warmed into a liberal support, have abandoned their benefactor, and taken away with them the property that of right belonged to their landlord. Cows, hogs, and other domestic animals, which were generously supplied them to begin business with, were removed to another home without apology, or even an offer of remuneration; and not unfrequently sold within sight of their patron's dwelling.

I have said before that "North Bend" was the asylum of many old soldiers. There was an old Irishman, who had served under "Mad Anthony" at the time that General Harrison was his aid, and who had no one good quality on earth to recommend him, except that of having been a soldier. He was partially deaf and had lost some of his eyesight. He drank whiskey to excess whenever he could get it, and was shamefully cross and impudent to every body except his patron. He seldom worked long when set at it, and never set himself to do anything that was useful. Such a character 9* 106 would not have been tolerated

Library of Congress

anywhere else; but having been many years in the service he found warm quarters and good fare with one who never refused protection and support to any who needed it, more especially an old soldier. It was amusing and afforded considerable diversion to notice the mistakes he would sometimes make in answering the General, whom he often mistook for some one else. He had acquired a particular dislike to the overseer, whom he conceived had no right to control his actions, or to direct his movements.

"Whose boat is that Michael?" said the General, observing quite a large ferry-boat fastened to one of the trees on the estate.

"Mine, and be—to ye, ye spalplein!" was the angry reply.

"What do you mean, you old rascal, to answer me so?"

"Oh! God bless your honour; I beg your honour's pardon! I thought it was that Spencer (the overseer) who wants to take the boat away from me."

There is in *Hall's* life of Harrison, an interesting account of a council held with Tecumseh the Shawanee chief by Governor Harrison at Vincennes in August 1810, at which the Indian chief endeavoured by menancing the Governor and by intimidation, to abrogate the treaty 107 then but recently made with the Delawares, Miamies, and Potowatemies, for ceding a large body of lands on the Wabash. The whole story is not told by that excellent biographer. Tecumseh knew at all times that it was not in his power to annul a treaty made by the chiefs of other tribes, however much influence he may have had over them, and over other and inferior transactions in which these tribes were parties.

The truth is, Govenor Harrison had repeatedly foiled the machinations of himself and his twin brother the Prophet; that he hated the Governor, and came with his four hundred warriors with the full determination to assassinate him while in the council, and was only defeated in his intentions by one of his own warriors who had caused the Governor to be

Library of Congress

apprized of the scheme. it is true, as stated, that Governor Harrison had no confidence in the faith of Tecumseh, and had directed him not to bring with him more than thirty warriors.

It is well known that the Prophet's influence over his superstitious followers, was induced by their belief that he was able to hold communion with the Great Spirit; and they had imbibed this fact to such an extent, that it could only be weakened by a similar counteracting influence. Tecumseh kept up the delusion more effectually to carry out his schemes of ambition, and had as great contempt for his brother's indolence, sensuality, and cowardice, as any intelligent white man could possibly have entertained who knew these traits to belong to the character of the Prophet.

It required more than ordinary courage and firmness to go into council with the knowledge, that on a given signal by Tecumseh, the Governor and all his friends were to be assassinated. There was probably no man living who had studied, and had a better knowledge of Indian character, than Governor Harrison. Had he refused to hold the council, or drawn back under any pretence whatever, surrounded as he was by the chiefs of the Wyandots, Kickapoos, Potowatomies, Ottaways, and Winnebagoes, as well as the chief of the Shawnees, his influence over them, which was now paramount, would have been annihilated, and the work of many years would have to be done over again, even had he escaped from the perils that threatened him. The Governor chose to face the danger, and told Tecumseh that his intended signal to assassinate him and his friends would not avail him; for he was protected by the Great Spirit!

Gov. Harrison had previously told him, and repeated now in council, that none of his tribe's rights had been invaded by the sale of which he complained; because the Miamis, were found in the occupation of the whole of the Wabash country; and that the Shawanees were originally residents of Georgia, and had been driven from there by the Creeks.

Mr. Hall says that Tecumseh fiercely exclaimed, "It is false!" and then gave the promised signal to his warriors, who sprang upon their feet and seized their war clubs. Gov. Harrison

Library of Congress

and the small train, that surrounded him were now in imminent danger. He was attended by a few citizens who were unarmed. A military guard of twelve men, who had been stationed near him, and whose presence was considered rather an honorary than a defensive measure,—being exposed, as it was thought, unnecessarily to the heat of the sun in a sultry August day,—had been humanely directed by the Governor to remove to a shaded spot at some distance. But the Governor retained his presence of mind, rose and placed his hand upon his sword, and at the same time directing his friends and suite who were about him to stand upon their guard.

Tecumseh addressed the Indians in a high tone and with violent gesticulations. Maj. Floyd of the army, who stood near the Governor, drew his dirk; Winnemak, a friendly chief, cocked his pistol; and Mr. Winans, a Methodist preacher, ran to the house, seized a gun, and placed himself in the doorway, to defend the family. All expected a bloody encounter. The guard 110 was ordered up, and would instantly have fired upon the Indians, but the Governor forbade it. He then calmly, but authoritatively, told Tecumseh, that “he was a bad man;” that he would have no further talk with him; and that he must now return to his camp, and take his departure from the settlement immediately.

It is true that Tecumseh smothered his burning resentment at the signal defeat of his plans, and next day hypocritically pretended to be sorry for his rashness; but the Governor had been too long experimentally acquainted with the craft and duplicity of the Indians, to trust much to professions; still he was anxious to conciliate, and omitted no opportunity to subdue their hostility; and in furtherance of this sentiment visited Tecumseh in his own camp. Nothing would conciliate or satisfy the savage short of a total surrender of all the lands then but recently obtained, by treaty and purchase, of the other chiefs.

Gov. Harrison told him that the President would never recognise his claim, nor yield in the least to his ill-founded pretensions, in his opinion, and that it was quite idle to expect it; still he would present the subject for the President's determination.

Library of Congress

"Well," said the wily chief, "I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to direct you to give up the land. It is true he is so far off he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

From this time forward there was every kind of annoyance that ingenuity could inflict upon the settlement, from the stealing of all kinds of domestic animals to the murder of the border settlers, both of Indiana and Illinois, till the great and decisive battle of Tippecanoe. These continued depredations and bold insolence of the Indians, encouraged as they were by English emissaries, induced the General Government to order out a force sufficient to chastise and subdue them. The battle of Tippecanoe, while it shed a lustre on the military skill and courage of the commander-in-chief, it accomplished all that the government expected; and quiet was restored once more to the borders.

There are some views and incidents of this battle that are rich and full of interest. Among the whole twelve hundred savages which composed the assailing army, it is probable that there was not a single individual but what knew Gov. Harrison personally. Tecumseh was not present, but his brother, the Prophet, was. His hatred of the Governor was no secret in either army, and his followers were blind executors of his will. Gov. Harrison was in full uniform, and was in every part of the battle, especially where it raged most. One of his aids, Col. Owen, was shot at his side. It is said that the Colonel was mistaken for the General, and that this was occasioned by his being mounted upon a white horse, while the Governor usually rode a gray. Be that as it may, the fact is unquestioned, that the commander-in-chief was more exposed than any one else; and it seems certain that nothing short of an Almighty protection saved him in that battle.

The fires were still blazing when the attack was made, and the commander was a conspicuous mark, and, as before stated, he was well known to all the Prophet's army. Gov. Harrison was not entrapped on this occasion, as has been said, by the Prophet's management, nor was he deceived by their hypocritical propositions the night before. He

Library of Congress

chose his own ground to encamp on, and warned every officer of the danger of a surprise, and to be on his guard, and not to remove an article of dress, or to divest himself of his weapons, but to *sleep on his arms*. Another order he gave that night on parting with his officers, was, not to be found away, *at any time*, from their command.

Maj. Baen, who commanded a battalion on the rear line, a noble fellow and as brave an officer as ever lived, unhappily and improperly disobeyed the order, by visiting a brother officer; and when the battle commenced, 113 in rushing out to join his own command, was shot as he passed in front of one of the fires.

It was a destructive battle, and was the cause of depriving Kentucky of many a gallant son, who fell in that engagement. An unusual number of volunteer officers from that State bit the dust, and were deeply mourned by the whole people. Notwithstanding the great loss which she sustained on this occasion, the Legislature, in testimony of their sense of the gallant bearing of the commanders adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That in the late campaign against the Indians on the Wabash, Gov. Win. H. Harrison has, in the opinion of this Legislature, behaved like a hero, a patriot, and a general; and that for his cool, deliberate, skilful, and gallant conduct, in the late battle of Tippecanoe, he deserves the warmest thanks of the nation.”

The night previous to this battle a negro man, a follower of the camp, who had been missed from his duties, and had undoubtedly been with the enemy, was found lurking near the Governor's marquee and arrested. A drum head court martial convicted him of having deserted to the enemy, and had returned secretly into camp with the intention of assassinating the Governor. The sentence was approved, and the reason 10 114 why it was not carried into execution is well told by the Governor himself, in a letter to Gov. Scott of Kentucky. He says, “The fact was that I began to pity him, and I could not screw myself up to the point of giving the fatal order. But when he was first taken, Gen. Wells and Col. Owen, who were both old Indian fighters, as we had no irons to put on him, had secured

Library of Congress

him after the Indian fashion. This is done by throwing a person on his back, splitting a log and cutting notches in it to receive the ancles, then replacing the several parts, and compressing them together with forks, driven over the log into the ground. The arms are extended and tied to stakes secured in the same manner. The situation of a person thus placed is as uneasy as can possibly be conceived. The poor wretch, thus confined, lay before my fire, his face receiving the rain that occasionally fell, and his eyes constantly turned upon me, as if imploring mercy. I could not withstand the appeal, and I determined to give him another chance for his life. I had all the commissioned officers assembled, and told them that his fate depended upon them. Some were for executing him, and I believe a majority would have been against him, but for the interference of the gallant *Snelling*. 'Brave comrades,' said he, 'let us save him. The wretch deserves to die; but as our commander, whose life was more particularly his object, is willing to spare him, let us also forgive him. I hope at least that every officer of the 4th regiment will be on the side of mercy.' *Snelling* prevailed, and *Ben* was brought to this place, (Vincennes,) where he was discharged."

My object is not to write a history of the life of Gen. Harrison, nor to detail either his military or civic actions, but to sketch very briefly a few incidents in both; such as I myself have witnessed, or received from the best authority.

The command of the troops, composed of the militia of Kentucky and Ohio, beside some portion of the regular army, which had been organized for the war on the northwestern frontier, was conferred on Gen. Harrison by the force of public sentiment. The disastrous defeat of Gen. Hull left that whole country exposed to incursions of the enemy. I pass over the various skirmishes and the more important defence of Fort Meigs, and come at once to the invasion of Canada, the battle of the Thames, and the capture of the British army under General Procter.

The American army, composed, as already stated, mostly of Kentucky and Ohio volunteers, landed on the Canada shore on the 27th of September, without an enemy to

Library of Congress

be seen. The troops encamped that night on the ruins of Maiden. On the 5th of October the 116 enemy was overtaken, after a severe pursuit. Gen. Procter had posted his army in such a position that his left was flanked by the river Thames, and his right by a swamp or low ground, and where Tecumseh, with his Indians, was in command. Opposed to these was the mounted men under Col. Johnson. The artillery and regulars were masked by the militia, who were formed in regular order of battle in front. Col. Johnson was ordered to commence the engagement by breaking through the enemy's line, and wheeling round upon the Indians. At the same time the raw and undisciplined troops in front opened, and the artillery and regulars came up with a quick step to the work, to the astonishment and dismay of General Procter, who fled with so much precipitancy that he lost his sword in the flight. The Indians were conquered. As to the British they scarcely fired a gun. All were made prisoners. Gen. Procter's sword was, some years after, presented by Gen. Harrison to the museum in Cincinnati, and is in all probability there yet.

The uniform success which had attended Gen. Harrison in all his engagements with the foe seemed now to have reached to a full measure of fame. He was everywhere denominated the "Washington of the West." This last victory was celebrated throughout the whole country by bonfires and illuminations. In 117 short, the gratitude of the nation was poured out in no stinted measure on the veteran's head. Congress voted him a gold medal, with the thanks of the nation, for his skill and bravery in conquering the combined British and Indian army.

It would swell my sketch far beyond the limits prescribed, even to name all the incidents in the life of Gen. Harrison. That has been done, and well done, by abler hands. Those disposed to trace the career of an able and an honest man, whose greatest ambition has been his country's weal, will find ample and exceedingly interesting details in McAfee's History of the War, and Dawson and Hall's separate accounts of the public services of Wm. H. Harrison. That by Judge Hall is more recent and more full, and will well reward the reader.

Library of Congress

In public life Gen. Harrison evinced more than ordinary zeal in the discharge of his public duties. In the tented field, unceasing vigilance, which was rewarded with almost unparalleled success. In civic affairs, untiring industry and strict attention to his duties, which won for him great respect and high consideration from his contemporaries. In private life simplicity and urbanity are the leading characteristics of his intercourse with his neighbours and friends. In short, an ardent love of country, and a kind and benevolent heart, are the predominant and leading motives and incentives of all his public and private acts.

Note. This brief sketch was written several years before the death of Gen. Harrison.

MR. H—.

Having business to transact in the eastern part of Maine, and being disappointed in obtaining a favourite and eligible conveyance, which I had waited for in Boston several days, I finally concluded to take passage to Eastport in the British steamer North America, bound to St. John's. While settling my bill at the office of the hotel, the clerk observed that Mr. H., a gentleman that I had seen about the house, was also going in the same packet. Observing that gentleman in the entry giving directions about his baggage, I introduced myself by saying, that I had understood we were to be fellow-passengers in the steamer, and that I desired permission to place myself under his protection and direction, as far as Eastport. His reply fully satisfied me that my observation of his character was correct. He met my *badinage* in the true spirit it was conceived, and we left our lodgings together like old friends, regretting that we had not got acquainted at an earlier date. During the few days we were together, I gathered from him some curious information.

His father was a native of Connecticut, who migrated to Nova Scotia at the commencement of the revolutionary war; and his mother was of Massachusetts, a native of the old colony. In person, Mr. H. was rather under the middling size, but remarkably active and energetic in all his movements, for a man bordering upon sixty. Indeed, his

Library of Congress

appearance did not indicate any thing like such an age. The most a casual observer would have set him down at, would have been forty-five or fifty. His whole appearance was that of a country gentleman of plain habits and manners. The only remarkable thing about him was keen dark eyes, expressing more than ordinary sagacity; but with all, there was also much benevolence in his very expressive countenance. He was grave or gay, as occasion required. If the subject was a serious one, he would discourse with becoming gravity and with excellent good sense; and he would as readily the next minute have joined a party of boys at 121 blind man's buff, or chuck-farthing. With all this versatility of feeling and playful disposition, there are few men that I have met with who had a greater share of sound sense and worldly prudence. The first thing that he did on reaching the packet, was to change his apparel. He took much pride in his *sea suit*, as it was made on his farm, of wool of his own raising.

As our intimacy increased, I took the liberty of asking him many questions about his life and adventures. I will endeavour to give the narrative, although communicated at several different times, in his own words, and with as much regular connexion as circumstances will admit of it.

“My father was a farmer, and settled in the province before I was born. There were of us several boys; I was the youngest. There were no schools near us, and at twenty I could scarcely write my name, and of figures I had little or no knowledge. I did not even know how to cast interest; and I am not certain that I even knew the meaning of the word. When I was about sixteen, I began to be uneasy and dissatisfied with the life I was leading, and from time to time I made my complaints,—generally to my brothers, because we were mostly together,—but often to my father himself. I was dissuaded by various considerations from leaving my father,—but chiefly because 122 I was persuaded into the belief that my ignorance of the world and business, unfitted me to mix with it. Still there was an irrepressible and irresistible conviction on my mind, that my destiny was not to be that of a farmer.

Library of Congress

“Things continued much in this way till I was about twenty, when I finally made up my determination to seek my fortune. The difficulty was, to possess myself of sufficient money to reach Halifax. Two or three dollars was all the wealth that I had myself. After feeling about a little, I succeeded in borrowing of my eldest brother two dollars. My lack of education, ignorance of the customs and ways of the world, the remonstrances of my parents and friends, were altogether formidable obstacles in the way of setting out. My brother, when he had consented to lend me the two dollars, took me one side, and very seriously asked me if I ever thought I should be able to repay him? I had a rich cousin, who was a member of the provincial parliament, and a man of considerable influence. He highly disapproved of my movement. He said he had no doubt but that I should get into some unpleasant difficulty, and disgrace my family.

“When I had reached Halifax, I had yet the two dollars my brother had lent me. I looked about and made many inquiries for a day or two. At last I went to a man who kept a large stock of goods, and boldly requested that he would sell me some goods on credit. I told him my story, and confessed that I had but two dollars in the world, and that I had borrowed of a friend. If I live, said I, I will pay you for your goods. At first he laughed at my presumption; but commiserating, as I suppose, my situation, he began to relax his objection to my proposition. He asked me who I knew in Halifax that would be my security. I said, no one. There is a family here who know me, and will satisfy you that what I have stated of myself is true. This is all the reference that I can give. He said,—‘young man, call here to-morrow about ten o'clock; I will see what I can do for you.’ I was there at the time appointed. He said, I did not believe yesterday that I should have trusted a stranger with goods: it is out of all rule, and it is imprudent to do so; but I am irresistibly impelled to let you have the goods. I think you will pay me; but if not, the amount is not so large as to seriously affect me.

“The next day I left. In six weeks I sold my goods and returned to Halifax. In six months my credit was such that I could have bought any reasonable amount of goods that I might

have wanted. I soon found myself in a condition to buy all for cash. This was a saving,—a great saving. About two years after leaving my father's house, as I was returning from one of my trading voyages in the interior, snugly and quietly jogging along on my pony, my rich cousin overtook me, and with many cordial greetings, invited me to his house, which lay not far from the road. This I declined as civilly as I could; but he seemed so much disappointed and even hurt at my refusal, I yielded to his entreaties and went home with him. He frankly confessed his disappointment with my success,—offered me the loan of five thousand pounds,—or his name, credit, or any other assistance that was in his power. All his proffers of assistance I declined,—not captiously, for I felt that I was, if not as rich as my relative, quite as independent. I was out of debt, had some money, and my credit quite as good as my highest ambition craved. Besides, he had refused me his confidence when I was really poor and dependent. A few years subsequently he sent for me to examine his affairs, and to consult about the disposition of his large property.”

At another conversation, he said, “I do not like to dream, because I have had many that eventuated with all the truth of prophecy. Some time before I left home, and while meditating on the course best to be pursued whenever I should embark on the perilous sea of life, I had a dream, as follows:

125

“I was on board of a vessel with a stranger, both passengers, in a dreadful gale of wind: the vessel was dismasted, and this stranger and myself reached an island in a canoe. Several years after, when the whole affair was quite obliterated from my mind, I was engaged as super-cargo of a vessel, then loading for Bermuda. The cargo was nearly all on board, and but little remained to complete all other preparations for sea; I went down early in the morning to see how things proceeded and to make some inquiries of the captain. While standing on the wharf I espied a man making towards us. It was the very man that I had seen in my dream. His dress and whole appearance was as palpably plain as if I had been intimate with him all my life, and had not long been separated from him. His inquiry of me was, whether this was the vessel bound to Bermuda? I was so

Library of Congress

agitated and astonished that I could not speak; but pointed to the captain then on deck. He engaged his passage and went his way. I immediately waited on the owner, and requested to be released from my engagement. He would not listen to anything that I said. I had signed an agreement to go, and he would insist upon my fulfilling it. He treated my prognostication of a disaster, as something quite ridiculous, and really unworthy of a man of my age and enterprise. Knowing how proverbially superstitious 11 126 sailors are, I refrained all communication with the captain on this subject, and to sea we went. The voyage commenced very pleasantly, and for two or three days every thing bore a prosperous aspect on board. The fourth day brought with it a frightful storm. The gale was tremendous, and soon swept away all the lighter spars and yards; and when it abated we found the vessel a complete wreck, and leaking badly. The captain was an experienced seamen, and soon had much of the damage repaired, sufficiently so, to reach our place of destination without serious difficulty, provided the leak did not increase. When we made the island we found that we had fallen to the leeward of it above twenty miles.

“The captain seeing the passenger and myself standing together, came up to us and said, ‘Gentlemen, I am persuaded in my own mind that you two are *Jonahs*, on board of this vessel, and I propose to send you on shore in the boat, which you can reach before night, while I work her up to the harbour.’ This was done, and the vessel reached the port next day.”

“On another occasion,” he said, “I was in charge of the cargo of a vessel in the Mediterranean. We had been to Malaga for a load of fruit and wine, and were on the passage home. My dream was a shipwreck and loss of life, and the place was on the coast of Spain. I 127 had been close along this coast in good weather, and knew it well. I was so well convinced that my dream would prove true, that it quite unmanned me all the following day. In this case I felt it my duty to tell the captain something of my experience in the way of dreams, and the nature of the one which had made me so sad, and which had so much excited his observation. He treated the whole affair as a singular piece of superstition, and totally unworthy of a sane man's notice. He said, ‘Mr. H. I could not have

Library of Congress

believed, had it not come from your own lips, that a man of your natural good sense, and extensive experience in the affairs of the world, could be so infatuated by a delusion of the kind. Do you suppose, said he, that you are selected by Omnipotent power to be the repository of its secrets?' I told the captain the mystery was as much a matter of profound astonishment to me, as to him, or any one else, but that I had too frequently experienced the fulfilment of them to doubt; and that he himself would find before many days the truth of my dreaming prophecy.

"It was the constant theme of our leisure time, when we could discourse without being understood by the crew, till we reached the coast already spoken of as the place of our disaster. It was early morning, and the breeze had freshened to a smart gale, when the 128 clouds, that had been light and hazy during the night, began to lower into thick dark masses, which have a peculiar character in these latitudes, and the wind to head us on to a lee shore. At first the danger was not so apparent; but after awhile, the subdued and anxious countenance of the captain showed that he was agitated by fears that his courage could not hide. I was myself something of a sailor, and early discovered the perilous situation that we were in. The gale had become too strong and the sea too high for the least hope that we should lessen our danger by going about, even if we could succeed in doing so; and of that there was room for much doubt. I had not spoken to the captain since the danger of our situation had become so manifest, nor was it my intention to do so. I was as well, if not better acquainted with this part of the coast as he was; and as I thought could form as accurate an opinion of what ought, if possible, to be done. Still it was not my province to give advice, or to interfere in any way. I felt perfectly assured that my dream was about to be realized; and having made up my mind to meet the catastrophe, I endeavoured to tranquilize my feelings, with all the aid of religion and philosophy that I could bring to my assistance. The gale and the sea by this time had increased to an extent that was 129 alarming indeed,—it was absolutely frightful. The lighter sails that had been set at the commencement of the gale, had all been stripped from the yards, except the

Library of Congress

topsails. In this stage of difficulty the captain said, 'Mr. H., I want your advice. If any human means can save us, I sincerely believe that you possess them.'

"At this time we were so near the shore, that the dashing of the waves, as they broke against the high cliffy rocks, could be distinctly heard; and at times, as the clouds whirled about them, could be seen. I told him that, in my judgment, it was perfectly plain that our only hope of saving the vessel and cargo, was to go about. If we could succeed in getting her on the other tack, there was a chance of working out of immediate danger. He said it was next to impossible to get her about. Indeed, it was useless to try. I said, it is our duty to do all in our power, and then leave the result to Him that 'rides upon the whirlwind, and directs the storm.' If we do not succeed, which is quite probable, have the anchors ready to let go. I have no faith that they will hold her for a minute, but they will enable us to go stern on, which is far preferable to being forced on sideways. It happened as was predicted. She would not go in stays. The anchors were dropped, but to no other purpose 11* 130 than was foreseen. She struck with great force, as you may well suppose, but did not go to pieces. The longboat had been prepared to take us all on shore and each one had notice that when the next sea came sweeping over us, she would be cut from her fastenings. It so happened that the cook and myself were too late to reach the boat, and away they went without us. They landed safely, as we could see from our position in the main rigging. This took place about noon. Our fate seemed certain. The vessel could not, seemingly, hold together long; and if she broke to pieces, our chance of being saved was next to nothing. There was, near us, a water-cask nearly or quite empty. By working diligently between the long waves, we secured a line, formed of the light running rigging, to this cask, and by it we sent one end of it on shore. I then told the cook that he might have his choice to go first or last; that to be tied together I would not consent. We must be so far separated as not to be able to touch one another. He decided to go first. I separated myself six or eight feet from him, and all things being ready, the signal to our friends on shore was given, and we launched into the roaring sea, as it burst with tremendous force over our unfortunate ship. Either they did not see the signal quick enough, or were not

Library of Congress

diligent enough in hauling us,—and the consequence 131 was, that we did not reach the shore on that wave. Then came another error of our friends; instead of waiting for the next sea to land us, they continued to pull on the rope. I had sense and strength enough left to resist its effects on me, by clinching it with my right hand, and hanging back with all my strength. But not so with the poor cook; for when the next wave came, it landed us both insensible, but he was dead!

“I have been,” continued Mr. H., “a prosperous man. There is scarcely a civil office in the county that I have not filled. At this present time, I am one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and have been for many years. My wife's husband,” as he very frequently and sportively called himself, “was signally blessed in his basket and in his store.” He spoke of his wife and family with strong marks of affection; and is, as I think his virtues entitled him to be, a very happy man. His wealth and prudence are so well understood, that his business as a *banker* is extensive; and his notes all over the province are considered as safe as the Bank of England.

INCIDENTS OF A VOYAGE.

In the summer of 18—I left New-Orleans in the steamboat Paragon, Capt. Ashbridge, of about 400 tons burden, bound to Cincinnati, with a numerous company of passengers, both cabin and deck. She was now on her first voyage, with a high reputation for speed, and a noble specimen of western taste and enterprise. The cabins and state-rooms were furnished without stint; her beautiful model unsurpassed, in my judgment, after more than twenty years of observation; fresh and rich decorations; her captain, formerly an officer in the navy, of popular manners, were attractions not overlooked by the public. A full boat of cargo and passengers seemed ready to remunerate and to justify the costly outlay. The engineers and pilots were experienced 133 men, especially the latter. Indeed, all the arrangements and preparations were made with taste, and upon a scale commensurate with public expectation. With a fast boat and experienced officers, a quick passage was fearlessly anticipated. In short, all was hilarity and joyous gratulation.

Alas, for human calculations! Mortals may deserve success, but not command it!

Before we had been out one day, our misfortunes commenced, by running on a sand bar, with the comfortable reflection,—the agreeable certainty,—that the river was falling rapidly, and that unless speedily relieved, a moral certainty of being long detained; and that too in the commencement of the sickly season in that country. Fortunately the steamboat Napoleon, Capt. Miller, came to our assistance. After half a night spent in liftings and shoreings, we were happily relieved from this difficulty. During one of the abortive attempts to pull us off by the steamboat, a young man, a brother of one of the pilots, got his feet entangled in the coil of rope, and before he could extricate himself, one of them was severed from about the ankle joint, as quickly as if it had been done by an axe or the guillotine. Fortunately for him, there were two experienced physicians on board, who soon succeeded in securing the arteries and binding up the stump.

134

Some forty or fifty miles below Natchez we suddenly came to a stand-still by breaking a crank. Nearly two days were consumed before this misfortune could be remedied. While at anchor repairing the broken crank, boats that left New-Orleans days after us, began to pass up. Many and sage were the reflections uttered on these occasions. It is hardly necessary to say, that discontent and repinings were at the bottom of them all. Many, who only a few days before were dancing with unfeigned delight with their good fortune in having secured a passage in the Paragon, were now heard muttering curses, and, in some instances, blasphemous imprecations against the boat. Meekness and patience are virtues easily practised when there are no moral or physical restraints in the way; but pen up several hundred travellers, disappointed in their calculations of a quick passage, the atmosphere during the day averaging 90 degrees of *Fahrenheit*, with moschetoës ten thousand times more numerous than the locusts of Egypt, which covered the face of the whole earth, in the days of Moses and Aaron, and you will rarely see either of those virtues displayed.

Library of Congress

From this point to the mouth of the Arkansas, where we halted to take in wood, we met with no accident of importance. In getting under way from here, by suddenly letting on too much steam, we broke one of the 135 coupling boxes, thereby disabling one of the wheels. Here then was another day lost in repairing this damage.

Near the mouth of the Ohio there is an ugly reef of rocks, that extend nearly from shore to shore, called the "Grand Chain." It is composed mostly of single rocks of unequal size, and are not dangerous in a good stage of water. In continuation of our luck we got upon one of them. This was not a formidable difficulty, and after an hour or two of detention we got clear without damage.

From this to Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland it was tedious enough. The channel is crooked; the water was low,—scarcely enough to float the boat in the middle of it.

Beyond the mouth of the Cumberland, without a rise of water, it was utterly impracticable to move with the Paragon.

Here then there was plenty of matter for mature deliberation and discussion, how to reach our several places of destination. It became a serious business to provide the ways and means for the transportation of several hundred fretted and discontented people. Even those that had money, (and there were many that had little or none, myself among the number) found it extremely difficult to contrive a mode of conveyance several 136 hundred miles to their respective homes. Some lived in Eastern Virginia; many in the upper parts of Ohio and Kentucky. There were very few horses to be had at any price; and what could be had, for many miles around, were soon secured. The deck passengers, very generally, began their journey on foot. The rest, and they were not few, must contrive some other mode of getting home, or remain here several months, perhaps; at all events, till the river became navigable again.

Four of us united and bought a *perouge* or canoe, very large. We fitted her up with a sail, oars, &c., and hired four sailors to work her to Louisville. We purchased cooking utensils, and laid in a sufficiency of provisions for the voyage. Our baggage alone was estimated to weigh nearly a ton; this, with the weight of eight men, made the frail bark deep in the water, and caused some speculation as to the safety of our conveyance.

Our progress was unavoidably slow; but we had good stores, cheerful spirits, and abundant time for observation. We were all honoured by titles, self-dubbed of course, and which was not an uncommon thing in those days for travellers in that country to assume. One was a *Captain*, one a *Colonel*, one a *General*, and the other a *Judge*.

137

At night, when we could not make it convenient to reach a settlement, we camped out, using our boat sail for a covering, and our carpet bags, or something of the kind, for pillows. During the early part of the voyage the moon shone brightly, which enabled us to continue on the water, when so disposed, till late in the evening.

If I possessed the graphic powers of *Irving*, I would hold up to your view many exciting and romantic scenes, and which can only be seen on the Ohio by moonlight. There are day scenes, too, full of interest and amusement to the traveller.

Wild ducks breed in considerable numbers along the banks of this river, Their sagacity is curious and amusing. The first notice you have of the proximity of a brood of young ones, is a loud splashing on the water, made by the wings of the old bird. This is to attract attention. She then darts off toward the middle of the stream, her wings kept in rapid motion,—never rising fully off of it,—her mouth wide open and eyes distended, leaving her family of young ones hid under the leaves and shrubbery, always found along the banks of the river where they breed. This manœuvre of the Lady Mother is to attract and draw away your notice from the young ladies, the Misses Ducks. If you happen to be an old trader, and not to be taken in by such “flights of fancy,” and should persist in seeking out

Library of Congress

12 138 the family abode, you will suddenly find the old bird whizzing near your head with a “quack” so loud and so angrily delivered as to make you feel that danger is at hand and to be feared.

Here too the pelican may be seen, gathering its food from the stream without fear of molestation. The motions of this bird are slow, solemn, and majestic. It seldom takes the trouble to flap its wings, but sails away undulating in its course, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who, for the first time, see the pelican on the wing. I shot one of these birds a few miles below Shawaneetown.

And there too, if your vision is good, you can frequently see the timid deer, peering and peeping through the underwood and bushes that skirt some of the numerous sand-bars and “towheads,” to see if he can, without danger, slake his thirst, and lave his heated body in the cooling stream. Not unfrequently the penalty of such a daring, is a rifle ball through the head of the poor beast, from a “hunter of Kentucky.”

I never think, even at this distant day, of our approach to Golconda, without a shudder: indeed, sometimes I actually find myself holding my breath, and experiencing in imagination, all the agonies of that evening.

On this day we had been favoured with a fair wind, 139 and with about as much of it, as we could well carry sail under. The sun had sunk gradually behind a long line of western hills into dark clouds, burnished here and there with his golden hues. The grumbling distant thunder, and occasionally light flashes of lightning, gave ample warning of an approaching storm, and to us, to make a safe harbour soon, and for the night. At this time we had arrived opposite Golconda; and here, let it be remarked, the river is nearly or quite a mile wide. The strong south wind, had raised a sea in the channel or middle of the river, too mighty for our slim bark to cope with. Here was a dilemma! To attempt to cross, was almost certain destruction, and to remain on the water, with the certainty of an approaching thunder gust, perhaps a tornado, was indeed a choice of evils. My voice was

to land where we were, and to make the best of it. It was not certain that the storm would be very heavy. To attempt to cross with a long heavy canoe, with scarcely more buoyancy than a bag of sand, was tempting Providence, and so far as my voice went, I protested against the undertaking. I was overruled however. The sailors were appealed to for their judgment, and a majority of them were for crossing. Only one of the passengers beside myself, was against the attempt; the rest were willing to run the hazard.

140

And now commenced a struggle for life; such a scene was never surpassed, and I doubt if there can be found on the page of miracles, a greater one than that we were not swamped, and all drowned. My early acquaintance with boats, and much experience in the management of small craft, gave me a decided advantage, and the direction of the canoe was yielded to me without a word, so soon as our great danger became manifest.

The waves soon began to break over the sides of the narrow boat. A hasty glance was exchanged,—paleness like death on each face, succeeded. Fear predominated over hope. It was easily seen and felt that nothing short of the providence of God could save us.

I directed two of the sailors to take in the sail, while the other two were ordered to take their oars, and to pull only when I gave them word. Captain S. was still at the helm. Mr. S. and Mr. B. were directed to bail with all their might. As soon as the sail was down and made snug, I directed all four oars to be manned, but only to be used when they got the word from me.

It is well known to every one of observation, that there are spells of smooth water, (comparatively,) in high seas. These I watched, and then it was I gave orders to “pull away” with all might, directly across 141 the river. Soon the high waves would return again, when we put her directly before them; and in this way, alternately heading her to the town, and then directly up the river,—bailing incessantly,—we reached the shore in safety. Nearly the whole population of Golconda had lined the bank of the river, watching

Library of Congress

our manœuvres, expecting every minute to see us swamp and go down. The boat could not have lived a single minute with her broadside to the waves.

A few miles below Hendersonville, we had another warning of an approaching storm. We did our best to reach that place before it would break upon us. In this we did not succeed. In fact, we had little time enough to reach the shore to save ourselves from the effects of a tornado. The roar of the whirlwind, sweeping off the tops of the trees with as much ease as the mower takes off grass,—the deafening crashes of thunder and vivid lightning,—the dust and the dead leaves comingling with the broken off tops of trees, filling the air in all directions, formed, a scene of awful grandeur, not easily forgotten. The approach of this hurricane was terribly magnificent. It was seen for several minutes, many miles in the distance, approaching us like an army of cavalry on a dusty road, roaring and bellowing like ten thousand mad bulls. This 12* 142 was followed by a profusion of rain, drenching us to the skin from head to foot.

Here we recruited ourselves, and came to the wise conclusion of abandoning this terraqueous mode of travelling. The canoe, with all the remaining stores, was bestowed upon the sailors, while we ourselves performed the rest of the journey on terra firma.

WILCOX, THE COUNTERFEITER.

Twenty years ago there lived on the right bank of the Mississippi, between the Arkansas and White rivers, a man of extraordinary talents and capacity. His dwelling was a rude, but comfortable log-cabin, divided into several compartments: a residence, indeed, or more than ordinary comfort and convenience, than was generally to be found, at that day, in that region of country. Pains had been taken to hew the logs to something like evenness, and the interstices between the several layers, were plentifully filled with yellow mud, a common substitute for mortar, when that article cannot be had. On both sides of the doorway and about the windows, were to be seen skins of various 144 wild animals, nailed up both to dry and as trophies of the skill of the successful hunter.

Library of Congress

The family consisted of the man, his wife, and two sons; the latter about the ages of twenty and twenty-five. His ostensible business was to supply wood to the steamboats; seldom, however, did he sell any. His price, usually twenty-five per cent. more than was common, drove away all who were well acquainted with the navigation of the river. Sometimes, indeed, boats would be compelled to wood at his pile; but seldom, if ever, without a violent altercation on the part of the captain; cursing and abusing him for the imposition.

Sometimes he had a skin or two of bear's oil, or a pet fawn to dispose of: for these, only a reasonable price was asked; indeed, in no instance was it ever known that he demanded exorbitant prices for anything he had for sale, wood excepted.

Occasionally there might be seen hanging and lounging about the premises, a tall, swarthy, unshaven, and unwashed biped. His slouched hat, usually sworn a little on one side, giving a natty and rakish appearance to his person; his dark, keen eye never at rest; his hunting shirt, reaching down to his knees, over buck-skin pants not a little soiled by time and a "considerable chance" of hard usage; with a long old fashioned rifle, scarcely ever out of his hands—and you have something of a likeness of one of this man's *agents*. For what purpose I will tell you presently.

The man himself was tall and seemingly not over fifty years of age. His face, furrowed with a continuous succession of care-worn lines; his hair, sprinkled here and there with frosty spots, hung in clusters round his anxious countenance; and yet he was mild in speech and manners. His respectable and *squire* like appearance would have been a ready passport to the confidence of many a stranger ignorant of his baseness. In fine, you would never, from his appearance, have suspected this man to be what he really was, an accomplished and successful counterfeiter.

The young men, in appearance, as well as I now recollect, were much like other young men of their age and standing. There was nothing in their dress or demeanor to attract unwonted attention. To what extent they participated in their father's extraordinary and

extensive frauds is not known. They may have lent, and probably did occasionally lend, a helping hand at the *factory*, in preparing the materials for market, and doubtless shared in common with others indirectly connected with the infamous doings of their father; but there is no recollection that they were ever directly instrumental in passing away the spurious imitations manufactured so extensively under their own eyes.

146

In a dense part of the extensive forests that cover the face of the whole of that section of country, for many miles around, there was to be seen a mound,—not so high or extensive as those at Marietta,—but sufficiently large for the purposes of Mr. Hezekiah Wilcox, as he called himself. How or when this mound was excavated is not known; but hollow it was, and sufficiently commodious to allow the aforesaid Mr. Wilcox a sufficiency of room for his various operations.

For many years before the commencement of this history, there were issued from this den of the counterfeiter vast sums of spurious coin and paper. He had confidential agents in nearly all the places of note from New-Orleans to Louisville—in all places where gambling and horse-racing were carried on. At military musters, one or more of these myrmidons of the counterfeiter were always to be found. Ungainly as they were in dress and manners, they were keen adepts in the business they were engaged in.

It is a singular fact, and confirms the truth of the genius and capacity of Wilcox, that these men were never known to have had spurious money about their persons.

The manner of dealing is curious, and is another evidence of the wariness and great caution of its master spirit. If a gentleman sportsman was desirous of obtaining 147 a given sum in spurious coin or paper, his application was not unlike a bank application to obtain a bank discount. Some private spot,—a remarkable rock, or stump of an old tree, in some secluded place,—is selected for the exchange. Here the price in good money, as agreed upon, is deposited,—ranging usually from ten to twenty per cent,—and so strictly

Library of Congress

punctual and *honourable* were these agents always found, that it was not known they ever failed to complete their part of the contract.

Thus you see, if a gentleman sportsman became reduced to fifty or one hundred dollars, he could replenish his stock to the amount of five hundred or a thousand, by an application and a deposit at the place agreed upon. Numerous have been the committals and indictments; and often severe punishments have followed, without its being possible to trace the transaction beyond the old stump.

On my return from St. Louis in the spring or early summer of 1822, I found, at the mouth of the Ohio, waiting for a passage to Evansville, Mr. Hezekiah Wilcox, with his wife and “*plunder*,” as he very classically denominated the few articles of furniture he had with him. They are easily and briefly described. It consisted of an old-fashioned chest of drawers, with brass handles, formed in the shape of a salt-box; three 148 flag-bottomed chairs, evidently of domestic manufacture, and considerably the worse for wear; a very low posted bedstead, such as are usually called trundle bedsteads, which was once stained or painted red, but the hand of time had called it back to its original colour of wood; a few cooking utensils,—and few indeed they were,—a small hair-covered trunk, having seen its best days, held together with a cord,—and a huge oblong chest or box, sufficiently capacious to contain six or eight full grown persons, and so exceedingly heavy that it took the whole boat's crew, pilots and engineers included, to get it on board. Wilcox said it contained the bodies of his two sons, both of whom had died suddenly in the lower country, and that he was conveying them to Indiana with the pious intention of giving them Christian burial.

You must keep in mind that up to this time, and for some time subsequently, I knew nothing of this remarkable man's history. All, or nearly all my information was obtained afterwards.

Library of Congress

Previous to leaving the landing, I demanded my freight and passage money to be paid in advance. I was not disposed to trust a man who had taken a deck passage for himself and wife, with the equivocal appearance of his effects. His dead sons would be of no value to me, and as to the other parts of his goods 149 and chattels, they made but a sorry appearance. I need not, however, to have been so very circumspect. He requested his wife to hand him the keys of the old chest. From the back part of one of the drawers, from among a quantity of rubbish, he drew forth an old woollen stocking well filled with gold; from which he selected the amount of my pay in eagles.

In due time we landed him and his freight at Evansville. Some months after, on a return voyage, I was accosted by Major A. of that place, with, "well, captain, the man and the big chest which you landed here at such a time, has led to important developments. This Wilcox is the great counterfeiter who has figured so largely in the history of counterfeiting for ten or twelve years back, and has filled the whole lower country with his base issues. We were not satisfied with the story of his two sons dying so suddenly and so nearly together; nor with the particular desire to bury them in Indiana, away from relatives and friends, if they had any. There was no occasion, as we thought, to come such a long distance to our Jordan, when there were *Abana's* and *Pharpa's* in Arkansas.

In short, he was watched,—a spy was set upon his movements, and the result was, the chest which caused you so much labour and time to land, instead of dead bodies, contained the whole apparatus for counterfeiting; 13 150 with a very large number of bank note plates, and of almost every denomination. He himself eluded the ministers of the law, by the aid of a small boat. He was once seen afterwards at Henderson; beyond that his fate is not known.

A VISIT TO NEW-ORLEANS AND THE BATTLE GROUND.

A Voyage, for the first time, from Louisville to New-Orleans in early spring, with social and pleasant companions, and with the accommodations usually found in the first class of

Library of Congress

steamboats, is an interesting event of itself, and it affords matter for pleasant reminiscence and amusement to those who take an interest in such affairs. In every boat there is always to be found a kind of an oracle, who is perfectly at home in the knowledge of all the remarkable places, and all the curious and singular circumstances that have occurred on the river from time immemorial. Such a one we had in our boat, and it was equally pleasant and entertaining to notice the delight he expressed whenever appealed to for information: "There, sir, you see those high shelving rocks on the right hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is the cave where Mason and his gang lived for several years. You have doubtless heard of him?"

"No!"

"Not heard of Mason and his gang! Why, sir, I am astonished! I thought everybody had heard of him. Why, sir, it was some years after the upper country began to fill up, and the people began to trade in flat-bottomed boats with New-Orleans, that this man, at the head of a small band, occupied that cave, and, under various inducements, enticed boats to land near his den, and then murdered the whole crew. He became so notorious that his name struck terror and dismay in all who had to pass the cave; and so numerous had become his murders, that the Governor of Louisiana, (at that time it belonged to Spain,) offered a large reward for his head, dead or alive.

"It is said that both Mason and his informer lost their heads at the same time. One of his men gave information to the Spanish authorities, and made oath that he belonged to the gang, and had assisted in the murders. The reward of \$500 dollars was paid him, but he was immediately taken into custody, tried and condemned, on his own confession of being an accomplice of Mason's. Both perished on the same scaffold and at the same time."

Library of Congress

“Here is Fort Massac, so celebrated for the terrible battles that have been fought with the Indians in the early settlement of this country.”

“Here is the mouth of the Ohio. Now, sir, you will see a curiosity: the clear water of the Ohio mixing with the turbid Mississippi; and as the former is now highest, you will see it to great advantage.”

And sure enough, the commingling of these mighty rivers might be compared to the conflict of two armies. Here the clear water pushed a broad column in advance, and immediately it was overpowered and annihilated by its more powerful adversary. Now you might fancy a well contested engagement for the mastery by single combat; but in all cases the clear yielded to the thick and more sturdy competitor.

I took notice that all the pilots, engineers, and deck hands began to drink the muddy water of the Mississippi, so soon as we reached that river. I inquired of my acquaintance what it meant? “Why, sir,” said he, “in the first place, it is equal to any gentle kind of physic, and is believed to be a purifier of the blood. But, be that as it may, there is one thing certain, that those who wash in and drink the water are never 13* 154 troubled with cutaneous diseases; and it is a certain cure of the *itch!*”

Here we are at New-Madrid, celebrated for the effects of an earthquake, some years since, which tore it all to pieces, and threw a large portion of the settlement into the river. I had a friend lying here in a keel-boat at the time. He represents it as the most sublimely awful thing that can be imagined. The land rolled about like the waves of the sea in a tempest, and the crashing of large bodies of trees as they tumbled into the rushing stream, with the cries and shouts of the people, as horrible and appalling beyond the imagination to conceive of! My friend, Mr. P., who was the eyewitness I speak of, was so dreadfully impressed with the scene, that in less than twenty-four hours after his hair, from being a jet black, became quite gray. Even now, when the river is low, you may see a whole body of trees, nearly in the middle of the river, standing bottom upwards, the roots spreading out

Library of Congress

instead of the branches, which were thrown in at that time. You notice how undulating the land is; those ridges were made by the earthquake. This is not all. Only a few miles from here there is a large lake, formed at the same time, and so translucent is the water of it, that you can see the tall trees still standing in the 155 same position as when they formed the forest, and numerous fish sporting among the branches.

The day after we had left New-Madrid, a good sized skiff was discovered ahead, in the middle of the river, making signals. As we approached the boat there was to be seen a man in the stern, with long hair and a beard that had the appearance of not having been cut for a month, with two black oarsmen. When hailed, he requested a passage for himself and men to New-Orleans. The distance from any settlement, and the strangeness of navigating so small a craft so great a distance, together with the uncouth appearance of the man, excited considerable speculation. Some were charitable enough to set him down as no better than one who had made free with his neighbour's money, and was thus decamping from the scene of his iniquity; and some suggested murder to boot. He came on board, and was immediately recognised by several as John J. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist. He then resided at Hendersonville, Kentucky. It was necessary, in order to save a large sum of money, that he should be in New-Orleans by a given day. The water was low at the time he left home, and it was quite uncertain when it would be high enough to permit boats to descend the river. There seemed, therefore, no alternative 156 to him, but to save his distance by the aid of his boat and men.

This was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued for more than twenty years, and by continuous and reciprocal acts of kindness been ripened into a friendship that will endure, probably, while life lasts. Mr. Audubon is now a member of more learned societies than any other man on this side of the Atlantic, and it is quite probable that his fame is as well and as extensively established, both at home and abroad, as any other distinguished *savant* of the present time. His talents and enterprise have won for him a name that will be as lasting as the history that will certainly record it.

Library of Congress

One of the most prominent objects that would naturally have attracted a stranger arriving at New-Orleans in 1819, was the battle ground. The recollection of that glorious affair, which had shed such a lustre on our country's annals, was still fresh and animating. We were now in the midst of a large number of those who had shared in the difficulties and perils of that day, and were eyewitnesses of the struggle and the triumph! We were scarcely too late to be present at the record of the exciting and alarming events which transpired on that occasion. The breastwork and other monuments of the destructive conflict were still there, and 157 thousands were at hand who had mingled in the strife, and could inform us of much that would be worthy of lasting remembrance.

One morning, immediately after breakfast, we made up a small party to visit the battle ground, about five miles below the city. One of the first things that strike the mind, on looking at the breastwork and ditch, which extend from the river to the swamp, is unutterable astonishment that any troops could be drilled to march up in the face of the certain destruction that awaited them! The wonder is that instead of the two thousand who bit the dust on the memorable eighth of January, 1815, the whole who approached within rifle distance were not slain. The ground in front of the works, as far as the eye can reach, is as level as a house floor. There were several thousand riflemen, protected by the breastwork, who could hit a squirrel in the head with unerring certainty. Beside these there were twelve pieces of ordnance, placed at regular intervals along the line of the works, aiding in the sanguinary havock!

Such was the cool and deliberate certainty of the riflemen, that the man who killed General Gibbs, asserted beforehand, that if that general had fallen by his shot, it would be found, on examination, that the ball had entered his right eye; and so it proved to be the 158 fact. This man commanded a company of riflemen of the city troops, and was well known and much esteemed in New-Orleans.

There was a small fort on the extreme right of the works, commanded, I believe, by Lieut. Crowly of the navy, which did signal service on many occasions before and at the great

Library of Congress

battle. There was a gentleman of New-Orleans, who was at this time connected or had had some connexion with the navy department, who paid Lieut. C. a visit at the fort. After the usual salutation Mr. C. inquired what had induced his friend to make the visit at that time.

"I am come to fight, Mr. Crowley!"

"Indeed, Mr. S.! Well, there is little to be done at this time; but you will soon have a chance to see our proficiency in firing, for I am just preparing to draw the enemy's fire!"

"What, Mr. C.! draw the enemy's fire! Going to persuade them to fire at you!!!"

"Yes, certainly; there is an important work to be finished on the other end of the line, and it is desirable that they be not interrupted; and I am going to keep their attention occupied while it is finishing."

Mr. S. began to fumble his coat pockets, declaring to Mr. C. that he had left his bank book behind in an exposed situation, and must return to town immediately!

"You had better stop a little," said Mr. C.; "you will see some good shooting."

But he hurried himself off, and never volunteered afterward "to fight."

There was a battery commanded by Major Humphries of the army, a man of great eccentricity, whose behaviour at the battle caused some amusement. In the hottest of the engagement he was seen with a cigar in his mouth, walking about and giving his orders with about as much, seemingly, unconcern, as if he had been in a drawing-room. He was rigidly precise in not having his gun fired till it had the aim he desired; and then his order was, "*now boys, touch 'em off!*" This was repeated so often, that he was ever afterward better known as "*Major Touch 'em off*," than by his own proper name.

Library of Congress

There is some curious information connected with this battle, which relates to Lafitte the pirate, and which is not very generally known. It is true that his name is immortalized in story and in song, but not for any of his good deeds; that which I now relate, is of a different complexion.

In one of the lakes, southwest of the Mississippi, which communicates with, and is near the gulf, is 160 the island of Barrataria, which, at the time I speak of, was the *rendezvous* of Lafitte and his myrmidons. His force consisted of five or six hundred of as ferocious and desperate fellows as could be collected from the outcasts and outlaws of all nations. They professed to be privateer's men, acting under a commission issued by Carthagera, or some South American state; but their acts were those of smugglers and pirates. So vile and notorious had they become, that Governor Clairborne had outlawed Lafitte, and had offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension. All those facts were well known to the English, and supposing from these and other circumstances, that Lafitte would not hesitate to unite his force with theirs, much information of their plans and intended operations were communicated to the pirate, with extravagant offers of reward. The rascal dissembled till he had drawn from Colonel Nichols, deputed to make the overtures, all the information he wanted, when he coolly declined the honoured alliance.

In the face of his outlawry and the reward of live hundred dollars for his apprehension, he sent a messenger to Governor Clairborne with the important information he had obtained, with an offer of uniting all his force with the Americans, provided the Governor would abrogate his proclamation, and give him and his men 161 free egress and ingress. The Governor hesitated to accept the alliance under the conditions stipulated; but when the danger became more manifest and threatening, he issued his proclamation, in which he pledged himself that those engaged in this illicit course of life, should be forgiven, provided they would come forward and aid in the defence of the country. The Barratarians availed themselves immediately of the conditions stipulated, marched with their whole force to the defence of the city, and were found eminently useful during the whole siege.

Library of Congress

This unexpected generosity and magnanimity of the freebooter, in coming forward under the trying circumstances in which he was placed, by the great liberality of the British on the one hand, and the reward of Governor Clairborne for his apprehension on the other, created a warm sympathy for him and his followers, throughout the whole camp.

The field in front of the breastwork and ditch, on which the battle was fought, was planted with corn at the time of our visitation, but the growth of it was not so great as to hide from our view numerous bones of every part that forms and fashions a man. It was melancholy to review on the spot, the remains and the effects of this memorable battle. Here had died several 14 162 thousand human beings, on a spot scarcely large enough to bury them in, and all for what?—

We improved the opportunity, in imitation of others who visit the “battle ground,” to bring away some evidence of the battle; a relic of folly and frustrated ambition.

CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

Some time during the year 1811, while earnestly engaged in my store, I was interrupted by the entrance of one of my people, requesting to know if I wanted any more help,—that one of his countrymen, an Irish lad, had just arrived from that country, and was seeking employment. My first impulse was to reject the applicant without any investigation; but on looking at the young man, he had the appearance of being something better than the ordinary run of his countrymen; and these prepossessions were soon confirmed by a brief and modest history of his condition, which he gave in a few words. I found him a simple-hearted lad, without guile, and disposed to do all in his power to promote the interest of his employer. Indeed, it was generally 164 understood that *Patrick* was about the cleverest hand we had about the premises. Early and late he was at his post; and if he discovered impatience and dissatisfaction, it was because it was not in his power to do more duty, and show more gratitude.

Library of Congress

In a few months I left home for Europe, and in a little while, other things and more important matters, had obliterated all recollection of such a being as Patrick Hogan. I venture to say that his existence never crossed my mind after I landed in England. I went from Liverpool to London, and from thence to the several manufacturing districts. Sometimes I was several weeks in Staffordshire, and then hack again to Liverpool. In this way I spent many months travelling about England, giving orders for goods, and making other arrangements of a commercial nature. Having accomplished all the immediate objects of my visit in England, I went to Ireland.

Previous to leaving the United States, I had given me several letters of introduction, mostly relating to the business which took me to England. In other words, they were not merely letters of idle ceremony, but were given to promote some object of trade. Among the others, there was one to a Quaker gentleman, who resided in Wales.

In going from Dublin to Cork, the stage leaves the 165 former place in the evening, after dark; and having rode all night cooped up in a dark stage, a stranger to the country, deprived of any conversation with my fellow-passengers, on the appearance of daylight, I became inquisitive and loquacious. We soon reached the breakfast house. Here the restraints imposed by darkness were removed, and the long pent up feelings were set in motion by the prospect of a good breakfast. These uniting produced no little pleasantry, and many good sayings and well-timed jokes were freely passed about. Among the most talkative and witty was a Quaker gentleman; and coming from such a source, his good humour was more attractive and agreeable from that circumstance. When the breakfast was ready, the Quaker noticed the absence of ham and eggs, and requested the girl who waited upon the table to order some forthwith. She said she would do so, but wanted his name.

“What dost thou want to know my name for, lassie?” said he.

She said it was customary when any orders were given, to send the name along with it.

Library of Congress

"Well, lassie, my name is *Jonathan Starbuck* of Wales; and now hasten on the food I requested."

I recollected at once that that was the name of the person to whom I had a letter, and that he resided in 14* 166 Wales. Without waiting to make any inquiries, I ventured to assume the fact that this was the identical person, I immediately said, "Sir, I have a letter for you in my pocket!"

"For me!" said the good man, with amazement in his countenance. "A letter for me, young man; thee must be mistaken."

"No, sir," I said, "I have a letter for you."

Then, said he, "where did thee get it, and from whom does it come?"

"I got it from America," said I. "There, sir," handing him the letter, "is not that for you?"

"It was, indeed," he said, "and from a valued friend and correspondent."

Meeting with Mr. Starbuck so unexpectedly and under such circumstances, at so great a distance from the homes of each, and connected as we both were in the business that took me to Ireland, were incidents of no ordinary interest.

During my sojourn in Cork, waiting the result of certain business propositions, I was in the daily practice, when the weather would permit it, to examine on foot the country round the city. To those familiar with the immediate vicinity of that delightful city, will not marvel that the fascinations of the beautiful scenery drew me constantly into the midst of it, and its abiding 167 influence on the curiosity of a stranger. The country and the people were new to me in every respect. In a country where the distinctions of society are so widely separated,—where the rich are rich indeed, and the poor are poor indeed,—there is more to excite speculations, and to deepen sympathy and admiration, than in America. Here I

Library of Congress

had leisure to see the workings of a system of government directly the reverse of that of my own country.

In these excursions through the immediate vicinity of the city, I made it a practice to converse freely with the labouring poor people; and many were the sighs and tears drawn from me by their destitution; the recitals of which were deeply distressing. Coming as I did from a country where plenty of all the comforts of life were within the reach of every family of industry and economy, the absence of them, and even common necessities, made a stronger impression. We talk of poverty and of poor people in the United States, but it is never seen, unless among the dissolute and improvident. It is not so in Ireland. There are, in that unhappy land, thousands of virtuous and industrious people, who are constantly suffering the severest distress for the most common necessities of life. At every mud cabin there was some tale of sorrow to be told. Fathers and mothers all but starving themselves to supply food for their children; and not unfrequently these sacrifices did not stop the cries of their children for bread. The bestowment of a small silver coin was an act of such magnitude to some of these poor families that they could scarcely realize it; and frequently on receiving it, would stare on you with perfect amazement,—seemingly, in fact, not to comprehend the gift. But as soon as realized, there was such a gush of heartfelt gratitude, with expressions so warm and touching as to overwhelm you. Years have rolled by, and I have been the companion of lords and other men of high estate,—have eaten and drank with nobles and dignitaries,—have been the participator and recipient of almost every species of amusement and pleasure, but I can say without the least qualification, that I have enjoyed more true delight in witnessing the gratitude of some of these people, than in all others that I have ever experienced. There are no other people that I have ever seen, that can touch the springs of the heart like the poor Irish. I actually shed more tears in my visit among this class of people during my short stay in Ireland, than in all the rest of my life; and I very sincerely pity the man who cannot sympathize with them in their unparalleled distresses and deprivations. Reduce any other people as low as the Irish are in their own country, and they would yield to their destiny,

Library of Congress

169 and inked of making sacrifices to sustain a decent appearance, they would become beggars, if not something worse, of the lowest description. And I take this occasion to say, that in my judgment, I have seen as much, indeed more, honest pride among this people, in their endeavour to sustain a good and respectable name, than with people who had no deprivations to encounter.

In one of my rambles I had stayed something beyond the usual limits of my wanderings. The weather was warm and sultry, and being somewhat fatigued, I called at a mud cabin of rather a better sort, and requested a cup of water. The man was near by, doing some kind of work, who answered my request with "Anan!" I repeated it, with the addition of a glass or cup of water. It was evident it was language he was unacquainted with. Then dropping the name of the vessel, he soon comprehended my want, and hastened to the door of his cottage, and requested his wife to get me some; at the same time invited me in, and to seat myself. This was what I wanted and indeed expected; for I do not remember ever to have received from these people anything but hospitality and kindness. We soon entered upon the subject of their domestic affairs: they were full of recent trouble. They had just had to part with the cow and the pig, to satisfy 170 the rent. They had once paid it, but not to the legal agent, and, as a consequence, had to pay it over again, which had deprived them of their chief dependence, the cow and the pig.

I do not recollect the circumstance that caused me to say that I was not an Englishman, but an American. It matters not now. When I said I came from America, they exchanged looks of anxiety and surprise. They looked at me, and then at one another. At length the woman said, "Do you know my son Patrick?" I shook my head, and was about to tell her that America was a wide space, and that there were thousands and thousands of her countrymen in that land, whom it would be morally impossible for me to know, when she exclaimed, "He has gone to America, and sure ye know Patrick." It was painful to deny the mother's all but certainty of my knowing her son, because he had gone to America; nevertheless I explained to them both the difficulty they were labouring under, by supposing that because their son had gone to America, I must of necessity know him.

Library of Congress

All at once the Irish lad that I had taken into my employ sometime before I left home, crossed my mind like a flash of light. I said, "I have an Irish lad in my service by the name of Patrick, but it is scarcely within the limits of probability that he is your son."

171

"Pray, when did he leave Ireland?"

"Last year, about this time."

"In what vessel did he go?"

"In the ship Lancaster, to New-York."

"How old is your son?"

"He is now nearly nineteen."

"And what is his other name, beside Patrick?"

"Hogan—Patrick Hogan."

I defy mortal man,—the ingenuity of the greatest artist, that ever lived, to have expressed the fixed gaze, the quivering lips, the beaming eyes, that were now in action. Not a word was uttered. To have saved my life, I could not at once, have confirmed their fond anticipations. Indeed, from my silence and looks, they could all but read the certainty of their having received actual tidings of their son; yet, I had not the power to say so. At length, I made out to say, "Yes, I have your son Patrick in my employ in Boston." I cannot describe the vividness of the scene that followed. It was the first news that they had received of his safety. It was worth a voyage across the Atlantic, to have seen what I saw on that occasion. Thirty years has not effaced from my recollection, every look and attitude of the more than happy father and mother. None but parents can form any notion of the deep rooted affection that burst out, on the discovery of their lost child. If 172 an angel of

Library of Congress

Heaven had descended, he could not have received a more joyous reception, than I did from the happy parents.

I look upon these coincidents of curious events, as marvellous in themselves, and of sufficient interest to be preserved. Whether they are to have any further connexion with my affairs in this world, or in the world to come, is a question, which Infinite Wisdom has conferred upon me no power to foresee: but of one thing I am certain, and that is, that all things, the stupendous, and the mite-like, are so governed, and so combined, as to ensure to them, in the end, a magnificent illustration of the wisdom, the goodness, and the power of God.

AN ATTEMPT TO MURDER.

It is now more than twenty years since I met with a French Creole, a gentleman of Louisiana, in one of my voyages to New-Orleans, by the name of *Destrehan*. He was a planter of considerable affluence, about thirty years of age, whose estate was not far from the city. Being desirous for several years of visiting and becoming better acquainted with the upper country, and to accomplish this purpose, he had determined to ship his crop of sugar, a moiety to Louisville, Kentucky, the other to St. Louis, and to take the disposition of it himself.

During a protracted passage from New-Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio, we were much together, and became quite intimate. I soon took a deep interest in 15 174 his welfare. He was amiable, intelligent, and in all respects gentlemanly. His manners were of the subdued order,—gentle and quiet,—without the vivacity and gesticulation so universal among his countrymen. And although there was a deep-seated pensiveness in his handsome and intelligent face, yet the workings of high and ennobling moral sentiments could be read in every lineament of it. His family were Parisians, he informed me, and in France he had been mostly educated; nevertheless he had been born in Louisiana, and was firmly attached to its soil and institutions.

Library of Congress

As our intimacy increased, I became acquainted with the sources of his grief. While he resided in France, he became attached and betrothed to a lady of his own rank of life; and for the deep-rooted affection which he still entertained for her, she must have reciprocated his love with equal warmth. They were united, but in a few brief months she sickened and died! Poor fellow! Several years had elapsed since that sad event, still his tears were fresh, and his grief was yet unabated!

At the mouth of the Ohio we separated. He went to St. Louis to look after that part of his adventure, intending to visit Louisville so soon as he had accomplished the business there, and I to my home.

Some five or six weeks had passed away since we had parted at the mouth of the Ohio, and I had begun to marvel what had become of my friend *Destrehan*, when I received, through the Post Office, a letter from him, dated somewhere in Illinois; in which he stated that he had been ill, but was recovering; that his illness had been caused by an attempt upon his life; and which had been saved miraculously; that he should see me as soon as his health would admit of his travelling, and would then tell me all about his hairbreadth escape.

Several weeks after the receipt of this letter, business called me to the little settlement about seven miles from the mouth of the Ohio, called *America*, or *Trinity*.

When the Ohio is very low, the larger steamboats from New-Orleans proceed no further up than this place,—and here exchange cargo,—landing their sugars, &c., and receiving flour and other upper country produce in return. Here I found my friend, Monsieur D., on his way home; his health very much impaired by the fright he had received, and subsequent confinement of several weeks by a fever, the consequence of it.

“I intended,” said he, “to have visited Louisville, as I wrote you, but my health was so much impaired by disease and long confinement, and my spirits so wretchedly bad, that I

Library of Congress

came to the conclusion it was most advisable for me to reach home with as little delay as the nature of things would admit of.

“You are doubtless desirous to hear the narrative of the attack upon my life. Well, then, I had sold the sugars to my satisfaction at St. Louis; had made all the necessary preparations to proceed by land,—such as having purchased a horse and accoutrements,—and had made arrangements to join a cavalcade of gentlemen, who were also all bound to Louisville, when I found it would be utterly impracticable to get my affairs closed in time to start with them. There was no alternative left, I should have to perform the journey alone, unless I waited for the next caravan. The great uncertainty of such an event, and having taken the precaution to be well armed, and having also secured my money and other valuables in a belt round my body, I started. My horse was strong and spirited, and I myself had not been in such exuberant health and spirits since my return from France.

The road, as you know, for the first day's journey, is through a flat and not very interesting country, and so thinly inhabited that it is difficult to obtain suitable or even necessary accommodations. I had travelled nearly the whole day without seeing a traveller. The sun had sunk behind the noble and extensive forests ¹⁷⁷ that surrounded me, and all nature was putting on the sable garb of approaching night, when suddenly I found, without any previous notice, just before me, that there was a man on horseback travelling the same way!

As the road had been straight for a long distance, and so free from any hills, or even undulations, that the sight was not intercepted for several miles in length, I thought it not a little remarkable to be so near a traveller, going the same way. It was strange, and I began to be a little excited. He must have come into this by some collateral road which had escaped my observation. I lingered behind him long enough to examine my pistols to see that they were in order, and then, by a gentle acceleration of speed, I soon came up with him. It was yet twilight, and I could see that he was well-dressed, and rather larger than ordinary men. We soon entered into the usual topics of conversation common with

Library of Congress

travellers and strangers having incidentally met for the first time. He pretended entire ignorance of every thing that related to our present situation; had no knowledge of the places of rest and accommodation, and was as much of a stranger on the road as myself. He inquired where I proposed to lodge that night. I had been informed, I said, before I left St. Louis, that there was good entertainment 15* 178 to be had at a place only a few miles ahead; and that I intended to lodge there if I could get accommodated.

Night soon set in; but we had not travelled long in the dark before we came to a new house, rather in an unfinished state, by the road side, where, on inquiry, we were informed we could be accommodated. Supper was ordered. On my way to the stable to look after my horse, having to pass by the kitchen, I espied my new acquaintance in familiar conversation with the inmates, and who seemed, for *a stranger*, to be very much at home among them. This increased my suspicions that all was not right. On my return to the house I inquired for the landlord, being determined to express my fears to him. He was from home, and was not expected back that night! I then frankly stated my suspicions to a woman whom I took to be the mistress of the house. She denied that there was the least grounds for my fears—that I was as perfectly safe as in my own house.

I noticed while at supper that the chamber where I was to lodge, directly over head, the floor was made up of loose boards, laid so wide apart that the openings were visible enough. This enabled me to discern all that passed beneath, and to hear distinctly all that might be said, if spoken in the natural voice.

179

I prepared my pistols, and with them deposited my money under the pillow and went to bed. I had not been very long there before I heard whisperings in the room below. I could see through the cracks of the floor, several men in close conversation with the woman. Presently they all dispersed and the woman was left alone.

Library of Congress

I omitted to state that there was another bed in the same chamber, placed in the opposite corner. My fears kept me awake and alive to every noise and movement in the house. Some time elapsed, when two of the men whom I had seen below, came to occupy the other bed. I pretended to be sound asleep. After a while another of the gang made his appearance without any light. Their whisperings were audible; and I fancied that I could distinguish the voice of the traveller, who pretended to be a stranger; but I could only catch now and then a word: “ *Too soon,* ”—“ *not yet,* ” were repeated several times. My feelings at last were wrought up to the very highest pitch of excitement, and must have had vent, or I should have expired. The suspense was intolerable, and to have remained in that state any longer, impossible.

I pretended to awake suddenly, and sprung out of bed, siezed my pistols, and with nothing on but my shirt and drawers, I rushed down stairs, and into the 180 room where the female still was, who now had an infant in her arms.

I told her that I had heard enough to become fully satisfied that my life was in danger, and that I had come to the fixed determination that if any attack was made upon me, I would hold her responsible, and would shoot her on the spot, without the least hesitation! She did all in her power to sooth my fears and dispel the alarm, visible enough, doubtless, in my appearance, by reiterated assurances that my fears were wholly groundless. She was in the midst of a repetition of persuasions that I was in no danger, when—the blood chills at my heart while I recur to the horrors of that night—a rifle was fired from the chamber over head through one of the apertures in the floor. The ball struck me on the left arm between the wrist and elbow, glancing and cutting severely but not dangerously. Without a moment's hesitation, I instantly fired at the woman! A shriek was all that I heard!

I took to the woods by the back of the house, and ran with all my might for, as nearly as I could judge, about an hour, when I became exhausted and fell. How long I remained I cannot tell. The sun was high in the heavens, and burning hot, when I came to myself. My legs and hands were badly lacerated by the bushes and briers. I wandered about perfectly

Library of Congress

ignorant of 181 the whereabouts till late in the day, when chance led me to the house of a man of respectability, to whom I communicated my situation, and many of these particulars. I was soon, from exhaustion and the fright I had received the night before, again insensible. I was well nursed and taken care of by this excellent family, during the continuance of the fever. Here I was confined several weeks; and through the activity and energy of this man, I recovered all my property.

The woman I fired on was wounded in the shoulder, not badly, but it cost me fifty dollars to settle the matter with her.

The people of the house that shot me, said I was a deranged man, and that they did it in self-defence!

THE PIRATE.

It suited my purse better than my inclination, to select the cabin of a large schooner belonging to Biddeford, in the state of Maine, for the accommodation of myself and family, while we made the passage from New-Orleans to Philadelphia. The captain was a young man of small stature, but was "every inch of him a man." He had served many voyages in the "State's service," not only on the lakes, but on the broad ocean. He was in the Constitution with Captain Bainbridge on the coast of Brazil, when she captured the British frigate "Java." In addition to his being a good seaman and navigator, he was no mean merchant. He had been to the West Indies with a cargo of lumber, I think, and had come to New-Orleans for a cargo 183 of molasses, being his own consignee in all cases. In short, Captain S—was an active, resolute, and enterprising Yankee, capable of transacting business to advantage, wherever chance or fortune might place him. The mate was an old man. He had been employed most of a long life in the codfishing business, and had never made but two or three voyages to the West Indies; but, New-England like, owning a small share of the vessel, he was desirous of partaking of the advantages of a mate's berth, and at the same time looking after his share of the profits. His temper was none of

Library of Congress

the mildest, and generosity was a word not to be found in his vocabulary. His greatest care and anxiety seemed to be that the men should not eat too much, or to use his own words, that they “should not waste the provisions.” He was above the ordinary size of men, and his bald head and wrinkled face, showed that Time had laid on him a heavy hand.

Beside my own family I had a friend who had been staying a few weeks with me, and who was also desirous of reaching his home with as little expense as would comport with reduced finances and a certain kind of pride of appearance, inseparable from the dress and carriage of a gentleman. After he had agreed to share his portion of the hire of the cabin, I was exceedingly annoyed with a multitude of petty complaints and objections. 184 He was quite miserable, for fear that some of his wealthy and fashionable acquaintance would find out the manner of his return home.

We laid in ample provisions of all kinds. The coops were well filled with poultry; and our other stores were abundant and of the very best; and, taken altogether, our outfit was no mean affair.

Captain S—had completed the purchase of his cargo of molasses; and a part of the contract was, that he should take it in on the coast, about thirty miles below the city. In this arrangement there were several advantages to be gained: but the most important was, that it cost considerably less by his taking it directly from the vats; and beside, there could be no deception either in the quality or quantity.

It is scarcely reconcilable with good taste, or a reasonable desire to partake of the comforts of civilized life, to become a sugar planter on the banks of the Mississippi. The place where Captain S—took in his cargo, was nearly surrounded with water. The land was so low that it appeared liable always to overflow in a freshet. The buildings were of low construction; the best, the dwelling of the family, was only a one and a half story house. The out-buildings consisted of the negro quarters, barns, and such others as are used and are necessary in the manufacturing 185 of sugar. The whole group has

Library of Congress

the appearance, at a short distance, of being a small village. The natural inquiry is, why undergo so much privation to obtain wealth, which is never appropriated to any of the refinements or enjoyments of life? Where is the library of well-selected books to solace and cheer the mind,—the materials to polish the creations of a mighty intellect? Where is the social circle, formed of friends and neighbours, to sweeten the labours of life and to partake of the bounties of an Allwise and Gracious Providence! To all appearance, they are certainly not to be found on the banks of the lower part of the Mississippi river.

After about a week's delay the cargo was completed and safely stowed away, and the vessel dropped down to the balize, ready to take the advantage of the first favourable wind to waft her on toward the port of her destination. Here we were detained many days with a head wind, together with a large number of other vessels, some bound to Europe and the West-Indies, but by far the greater part were bound to northern ports. This balize is a dreary place. There are here only a few buildings of wood, built upon piles driven into the mud, for the accommodation of the pilots, yet sufficiently elevated upon these to be clear of the tide-Water at its highest mark. When the tide is out, they have the 16186 novel appearance of houses upon stilts. The number is few and mean, with none of the comforts, and scarcely any of the decencies of civilized life. It is truly marvellous to see with what ease, and even contentment, men can become habituated to a dreary and sterile abode, where, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but a marshy waste of almost unbounded extent.

While waiting here we employed ourselves in making and receiving visits among the captains and passengers detained like ourselves; all restless and impatient by the confinement we were doomed to undergo. Piracy, the subject that absorbed all others, and which was paramount to every other consideration with people situated as we were, was a constant and never ending matter of discussion. How could it be otherwise? We should be compelled to pass by their haunts, and through most of their cruising ground. Our fears were much increased by the recitals of several of our visitors who had narrowly escaped

Library of Congress

their fangs; and every one had some tale of horror to relate which had befallen some one of their friends or relations.

It was true that much of the danger had passed away by the spirited and active exertions of Commodore Porter and those under his command; still there were occasionally solitary cases of piracy of an aggravating and painful character.

187

In our vessel there was on either side of the companion-way sixteen stands of arms arranged in a glittering row by the aid of strips of boards and holes made to receive them, which the captain had procured for our protection. It invariably happened that after these exciting and revolting narratives, the old man, the mate, would be seen examining and putting in order the muskets, hammering the flints, oiling the locks, and performing other minor acts of preparation and precaution about the guns.

After having been detained ten days, waiting for a wind to put to sea, we were suddenly made glad by the springing up of a light northerly breeze, and by the distribution of the pilots among the fleet. It was late in the afternoon, indeed almost night, when the wind changed: and although the distance from the anchorage ground to where the pilots deem it safe to leave the vessels, is scarcely more than half a mile, yet it was quite dark when we discharged our pilot. Our vessel being heavily laden, and indeed she was better calculated for carrying a large cargo than for fast sailing, we were soon left behind by the whole fleet. As the night advanced the breeze freshened, and by the time the watch was set, we had a smart breeze with all sail spread.

188

The next day we were nearly up with Cape Florida, with the wind dead ahead. Captain S — decided that to obtain the benefit of the gulf stream current, it would be best to stretch well over toward Cuba. The second morning out, the wind still east, the weather hazy, and while on the starboard tack, we discovered as the mist rolled away, under our lee bow, a sharp, low, black, Baltimore built schooner, some two or three miles off, standing on the

Library of Congress

same tack: as soon as she discovered us she immediately hove about and stood upon the other tack, evidently putting herself in chase. Her appearance was rakish and wicked. Studding sail booms were to be seen on both sides, with the halyards and blocks floating to and fro, as the vessel careened to the breeze; the “tout ensemble” of an undress; as having just hauled off from a chase, or of having been chased, and not having had time to make things snug on board. As she dashed the boiling foam and leaping spray from her bow, the copper on her bottom shone conspicuously bright, forming one of the most beautiful and stirring scenes to be met with on the ocean.

She was a pirate beyond all question. If the latitude in which she was cruising, with the strong characteristics of her general appearance were insufficient to establish her character, the numerous red shirts and black caps peeping over the gunwale, settled the matter 189 beyond all controversy. From her light draft of water and her superior sailing, it was too evident that whatever preparations were to be made to resist her, no time was to be lost in making them. The crew, including the cook, six in number, had collected in a close group on the forecastle. It was evident that they were discussing the policy, and chance of success of attempting a defence with the arms we had. Capt. S. and the old man, the mate, were the only resolute and firmly determined on board. It was readily seen that they would not be captured without a struggle, whatever the rest might do. The old man especially looked and acted like one who had arrived at an awful juncture, where indomitable resolution and courage alone could save. His compressed lips and unshaken nerves forcibly reminded me of Sir Walter Scott's description of one of the old covenanters, just before the battle of Loudon Hill.

The guns were quickly inspected, and as there were more than enough to furnish each with one, it was deemed useless to remove them from their handy location till the word was given. Captain S—said only a few words to the crew. He told them that with courage and firmness we could beat off the pirate; that if we suffered ourselves to be captured without resistance, their doom was as certain as the setting sun. To Mr. 16* 190 C—and myself, he said, “from you, gentlemen, I look for all the aid that you can give. There is

Library of Congress

every inducement for you to exert yourselves to the uttermost. If you have not the courage to face these rascals, you can stand down the companion-way, and load the guns as fast as they are discharged, and hand them up again.

My fears and distress were augmented to a frightful degree, by the fact of having my wife and three daughters to share the diabolical horrors that were justly to be expected from worse than murderous banditti.

As the pirate crossed our wake on her larboard tack about half a mile to the leeward, and all doubt as to her character had become settled, my friend C—could stand the deck no longer: he plunged down into the cabin, fell on his knees, and in piteous accents implored his Almighty Father for protection, confessed his unworthiness and innumerable sins, and prayed for his succour and blessing in the present emergency.

I do not doubt but that my prayers, however unworthily they were offered, were as heartily and as unfeignedly made; but they were of the description spoken of by the pious *Montgomery*:

“The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.”

As soon as the strange vessel discovered that she 191 could reach us on the next tack, she was about in a trice. The time to prepare was short, for she now approached with rapid strides. Every heart on board throbbed with additional violence! Not a whisper was uttered! With compressed lips and firm-set teeth, we watched with agony the approaching horrid fate that awaited us!

“If she carries a large gun amidship, which is most likely,” said Captain S—to me in a low and suppressed tone of voice, “our chance of beating her off is not so good; but come what may, I will not be taken alive.”

Library of Congress

She was now so near that we could easily discover the white men from the black; and from her bearing she evidently intended to run to the windward of us, but suddenly the intention was abandoned, her helm was ordered hard up, and she shot like a thing of life under our lee, and as she did so, her commander hailed us with "Schooner ahoy!" — "Ay! ay!" was the reply of our gallant little captain.

"Where are you from, captain?"

"From New-Orleans, bound to Philadelphia."

"What's your reckoning?"

"I have been out three days from Mobile, bound to Charleston, and such has been the state of the weather that I have not been able to take an observation, 192 and I am so well acquainted with this navigation, as to know that it is very dangerous to be cruising about here without correct bearings and distances."

Captain S—gave him the best information he possessed. We soon parted company by his superior sailing. We stood over toward Cuba till we made that island, and then, the wind favouring us, we were enabled to lay our course for Philadelphia.

THE DANGEROUS FORD.

Among the many bold and striking scenes of rugged and broken landscapes which pervade more particularly the middle districts of Kentucky, there are none that I recollect, which bare excited a livelier or a more lasting recollection than that which is to be seen at the crossing of Bullitt's Run, a branch of the Kentucky River, on the road from Cincinnati to Louisville.

In summer, the bed of the stream exhibits rocks of a great variety of size and shape, and in quantity almost surpassing belief, even of the beholder. They are piled one upon

Library of Congress

another in such huge masses, that the imagination is taxed to conceive of any force less than volcanic, that had the power of placing them in such fanciful combinations 194 and attitudes. The stream ordinarily is small, and by no means formidable to ford when not agitated and swollen by powerful rain storms. The eastern side is high and precipitous to an extent that makes the passage of it difficult, and sometimes not without considerable danger. People that are only acquainted with the turnpikes, and other smooth roads of the middle and northern states, are appalled, and draw back with dread as they approach the top of the hill to descend it. It seems, to view it from the summit, to be impracticable to descend with any thing in the shape of a carriage; and yet the bold and hardy race that traverse these regions, seemingly without fear, perform the descent with their large wagons without the least hesitation. True, they take the precaution to lock the wheels, and hold the steadiest horse by the head, and are not sparing of the, ' *whoa's*, " and "steady, there, Charley," a language which horses are supposed to fully comprehend, and to be mindful of. And here the sagacity and good training of this most useful of all animals is to be seen in full perfection. It is no exaggeration when I say, that I have seen, at this hill, the wheel horses of a large loaded wagon sustain the whole load on their haunches, and slide in that position for a rod at a time.

It is frightful to think that a deviation of only one 195 foot from the regular track, would tumble the whole mass, be it what it may, into the deep chasm, several hundred feet below.

The other side of this stream can scarcely be called a bank. There is a gradual and gentle rise to uneven ground, interspersed here and there with decayed sycamore trees, whose leafless and blackened branches have withstood the peltings of a thousand storms, and are holding on by a feeble grasp to a still more feeble existence; tottering indeed in the last stages of decay, and are destined by the next blast that sweeps down this rugged valley, to quit their hold of life forever.

Library of Congress

Such were some of my musings as I descended the difficult and dangerous road that leads down to the crossing at the base. There had been considerable rain for a few days past, which had caused a corresponding rise in the stream. The trees and underwood which form around the road at the top of the hill, and the distance to the bottom, precluded me from seeing the danger I was in till it was too late to avoid it, even if I had been aware of it, —but I was not.

Before reaching the bottom, the noise of the rushing water made it evident that if I intended to cross that night, there was no time to be lost. Still, having arrived at the ford, the danger appalled me, and I hesitated to encounter it. A man who lived a short distance on the 196 opposite side, seeing my hesitation, came down to the edge of the stream, and encouraged me, as well as the noise would admit of my hearing him, to proceed. My trunk was mailed to the back of the gig, which I supposed to be high enough to escape the water, but in this I was as much mistaken as I was in the depth of the stream. The horse was a noble, well-broke, and steady creature; and to this, under Providence, I was indebted for my safety. For awhile the weight of the trunk and my own weight kept the carriage to the bottom, but soon all was afloat, horse, gig, and all, were rushing down the stream with fearful rapidity!

My reflections were any thing but agreeable, and will be much better imagined than described. In short, the reality of the danger left but little room to hope for any rescue; and I had silently ejaculated a short but comprehensive supplication to Him who never leaves those who put their trust in him without consolation, even in the greatest straits, when the gig struck one of these large rocks, which I have before described. This threw the horse round toward the shore, and his forefeet felt something like firmness to rest on. His struggles relieved us immediately from this position; but down we went again with a force and swiftness that makes me tremble even now to think of it. Again the carriage struck rock after rock, and occasionally the horse 197 would get foothold enough to rest a little, but it was only momentary. Down we went to as certain destruction, to all

human calculation, as death itself. But it pleased a kind and merciful Providence to order it otherwise.

About one-eighth of a mile from the ford, there is a sudden bend of the stream to the east, caused by a projection of rocks, against which we were brought up by the force of the current, and were enabled to reach terra firma once more, — drenched indeed with water, but in no other way injured. 17

CATFISH CATCHING SQUIRRELS.

The late General L— of Cincinnati, was one of the earliest of those hardy and courageous people who settled in about that place between 1790 and 1800. He emigrated from Pennsylvania, I think, about 1796, and came out in the capacity of surveyor. With the exception of a few indifferent huts and small dwellings scattered about between Mill and Deer Creeks, and which now forms a beautiful city of more than forty-six thousand inhabitants, the whole country round was a wilderness.

The Miamis, a large tribe of savages, inhabited and held control of the entire country for many miles around: with the exception of just so much space as was within sight of the blockhouse and pallisades, which 199 had been erected for the accommodation of the few troops that were stationed there to protect the still fewer inhabitants. On the other side of the Ohio River, and directly opposite, where the beautiful and picturesque towns of Newport and Covington are now situate, the country was still more wild and dangerous. At the mouth of the Licking River, a stream which separates the aforesaid towns of Covington and Newport, there was always a gang of a different tribe of Indians, ready to pounce upon the boats descending the Ohio; and where, within sight of the white people, their opposite neighbours, they often succeeded in alluring to their landing many of our people, who were immediately butchered in the most shocking manner. In short, the whole region of country in every direction for hundreds of miles, at the time I speak of, was destitute of any white inhabitants, with the exception already named.

Library of Congress

In this state of things, Gen. L—, then only about nineteen, commenced the hazardous business of surveying the land. In the course of the first year he had five or six of his assistants shot, as it were, by his side; and he himself had been wounded in three several places during this brief period of time. He was a tall athletic man, slender, but singularly quick and agile in his movements. Few men, if any, 200 could keep by his side, if he chose to exert himself, either in the walk or the race. And he said, while in the prime of life, that he had never met with an Indian or a white man that he could not outrun. Many were the stratagems employed by the invaded savages to destroy the surveying party; but their success never exceeded, at any one time, more than the destruction of one of the chain-bearers.

After various perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, during a residence of a few years, he made a visit to his native state, and at the time that Congress were sitting at Philadelphia. As he was employed by the government, it was his duty to report the progress of his labours to the proper department, and to receive fresh instructions for his future guidance.

While in Philadelphia, he boarded at the Indian Queen, in South Fourth, between Market and Chestnut-streets, and where several members of Congress were also boarders.

Gen. L— was naturally a modest, diffident man, and from the cast of his countenance would never have been thought to possess any thing of a waggish or humorous disposition. He seldom spoke unless spoken to, and never seemed to notice a conversation carried on in his presence, unless he was a party concerned. 201 It was therefore no easy matter to draw him out of his constitutional reserve. He was the very last man in the house that would have been selected to join in a plot, or carry on a joke of any kind. Notwithstanding these outward disqualifications for story-telling and for sly jokes, no one loved them better, when warmed up and brought into companionship with congenial spirits. Withal, he had such a perfect control over his feelings, that while others were convulsed with laughter, his face was without a dimple or a smile. The nobleness of

Library of Congress

his disposition, and the gallantry of his bearing, were not lost among such a large number of distinguished men, who were inmates of the same house, and his society was courted and duly appreciated.

In those early days, before the science of music and of song had become so universal, the chief diversion, after dinner, was story-telling. At the same mess there was a person who had made himself disagreeable to all by his assurance, and by the constant habit of, to use a quaint but significant phrase, “putting in his oar on all occasions.” If a gentleman told a story, he would immediately add, that that was nothing to what he knew or had heard; and then would hold forth till all were heartily tired and disgusted with his impudence. 17*

202

A plot was laid to punish, and to cure him if practicable; and L— was fixed upon to administer the correction. At the dinner table it was so arranged that L— should set opposite to this modest gentleman; and as soon as opportunity offered, to administer the dose. As usual, after dinner, some one told a story; and this man, as usual, immediately responded that it was nothing to what he knew, and then began to narrate the wonders of his tale, which, as usual, was evidently manufactured on the spot for the occasion, — full of extravagant improbabilities if not impossibilities. As soon as he had closed, L—leaned over the table toward him, and his mild and amiable tones replied, that “that was nothing to what he had seen in his country!”

“In your country!” said Mr. Modesty, in perfect amazement that one so young and unpretending should dare to outdo him, the chief of story-tellers. “And pray, sir, where is your country, as you call it?”

“I live in the Ohio country,” was the modest reply.

“And what the d— have you seen, young man, in your country that is so very wonderful?”

Library of Congress

"I have seen," said L—, "catfish that would weigh a hundred weight, more than a mile from the 203 river, in the woods, catching squirrels! and with good success, too!"

The whole matter and manner was so exceedingly well-timed and put together, that a burst of applause was general throughout the table; and the gentleman who had on all other occasions put himself forward as cock of the walk, was humbled into silence; and the next day took good care to seat himself away from the conspirators.

The best of the story, however, remains to be told; and that is, that the whole of it was strictly true, and easily explained.

In the spring, when the Ohio annually overflows its banks, as it uniformly does at that season, the back water on the Little Miami River, owing to the level land on its borders, extends a considerable distance into the country. On such occasions, it is quite notorious, to people living in the neighbourhood, that catfish leave the bed of the river to seek their prey, as far into the woods as they can go with safety. And it is equally well known that squirrels, alarmed by the splashing of the water under them, endeavour to make their escape by jumping from tree to tree; and that very frequently they miss their hold and fall into the water, and are immediately seized on by their voracious enemies.

THE TAME SEAL—A PATHETIC STORY.

About the commencement of the present century, a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, in Ireland, and soon became domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew apace and became familiar with the servants and attached to the family. Its habits were innocent and gentle; played with the children; came at its master's call, and was, as the old man described him to me, "fond as a dog and playful as a kitten." Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought home a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in the summer was to bask in the sun, and in the winter to lie before the kitchen 205 fire; and sometimes,

Library of Congress

if permitted, would creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage to the Irish kitchen. For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease called in the country *chippawn*, a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally, attacked some black cattle belonging to the master. Some died; others became infected, and the customary care produced by changing them to drier pastures failed. A “ *wise woman* ” was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner that the mortality amongst the cattle was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation, — the harmless and affectionate seal. It must be made away with directly, or the chippawn would continue, and her charms be unequal to arrest the calamity. The superstitious master consented to the hag's proposal: the seal was put on board a boat and carried out beyond Clew Island to sea, and there committed to the deep, to manage for itself as it best could.

The boat returned, and the family retired to rest. The next morning the servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal came back to his beloved home over night, and crept in through the window, which had 206 been left open, and took possession of his favourite resting place.

The next morning another cow was reported to be unwell! The seal must now be finally removed! A Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not to put him overboard until he had got some leagues beyond the Boffin. It was done. A day and a night passed, and the second evening closed. The servant was raking out the fire for the night, when she heard something scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal, wearied with his long and unusual voyage. He testified, by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself once again at home; then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was immediately apprized of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In this exigency the old hag was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this proposal

Library of Congress

the wretch who owned the house consented; and the unfortunate and confiding creature was thus cruelly robbed of sight on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element. The next morning, writhing in agony, the poor 207 mutilated seal was once more embarked; taken outside of Clew Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over, and things became worse among the cattle instead of better. Those of the truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal old beldam gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill to counteract. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. The moaning and troubled sea dashed its mountain waves against the rock-bound shore, and sent up tumultuous and appalling sounds,—the angry winds rocked the battlements,—and all nature seemed disturbed by their violence. On such a night, and on such a dangerous coast, there is always a fearful and painful anxiety manifested for the poor mariners who may be within its influence.

In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was heard faintly at the door. The servants who slept in the kitchen concluded that the *Banshee* had come to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed coverings.

The morning broke, — the door was opened, — the seal was there, lying dead upon the threshold. The skeleton of the once plump animal, — for, poor creature, 208 it had perished from hunger, — being incapacitated by blindness to procure its customary food, — was buried in a sand-hill! and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murder! Every thing about this devoted house went to ruin. Sheep rotted, and the “Cattle died and blighted was the corn.” Of several children, none reached maturity; and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died blind!! There is not one stone of that building left upon another! The property has passed to a family of a different name, and the series of incessant calamities which were attendant on all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true.

INTERESTING VARIETIES.

THE STORK.

The language of birds is now generally admitted as known to exist; and in illustration of such a fact, I will relate a circumstance of interest to the ornithologist as well as to those generally interested in the great works of nature. A gentleman of extensive travel, who has visited and been a resident of the four quarters of the globe, and who has been an attentive observer of men and things, relates the following curious story.

I must be permitted, however, to premise, that it is very generally known that Musselmen are extremely superstitious,—proverbially so,—and among other evidences of it, they regard the *stork* as a bird of sacred character, and will not allow of its destruction; nor will they allow of its being transplanted to any other country. In short, to interfere in any way with its particular habits would be visited with their sore displeasure; and to destroy one, a fine is imposed, which, if not paid, imprisonment will certainly follow.

Being thus revered by the Turks, and conscious of protection, they become astonishingly tame, and build their nests sometimes on the chimneys, but quite as frequently in and about the outbuildings of the suburbs.

A French gentleman, who to add to his collection of ornithological subjects, having tried by every means in his power to become the possessor of one or more of these birds, at last had recourse to the ingenious stratagem of robbing a lady stork's nest of two of her eggs, and substituted in their place those of the domestic fowl. The fraud succeeded, but the sequel will show at what cost. In due season the eggs were hatched, but the hapless bird found to her dismay that her progeny were not all of her kind; and that she would have to sustain her innocence or suffer the penalty that the laws of the storks invariably inflict upon unfaithful delinquents; and such appears by the sequel. It is not of course known how the news was communicated to other settlements; but the fact was known to all Smyrna,

Library of Congress

that a vast assemblage of these birds were congregated on the plains of Bonabat, about six miles from that city. The whole population were on the *qui vive*. "*Have you seen the storks?*" was in everybody's mouth, till a considerable portion of the citizens were induced to visit this remarkable exhibition. Sad were the predictions of the more credulous among the superstitious, and the few that were skeptical became almost converts.

Thousands of these birds congregated day after day, till the whole plain was covered with them. They formed into a complete circle, and so remained the whole day, making, at times, terrible noises, and which might be heard for many miles around, till the setting of the sun, when they all dispersed till the morrow. There was a trial, and a protracted one it proved to be of many days duration, on which several of the birds, as principal actors in the scene, appeared more conspicuous than others. The unhappy and criminal subject, and the disturber of a whole nation's peace, was forced into the *arena*, and which decreased by closer contact, till the principal actors in this tragic affair were brought at last up to the doomed bird. They first destroyed the young, including the illegitimate with the rest, and then they fell upon herself, who soon followed the sad fate of her young ones. She was literally picked to pieces. The birds then dispersed, and what is well worthy of remark, the nest of the fated one was never visited from that hour.

212

MR. SMITH.

It was Mr. Burke, I believe, who has said that it was but a "step from the sublime to the ridiculous." If it was not him that said it, the sentiment is full of truth; and to persons of observation and reflection, it is as instructive as it is useful in moral tendencies.

I will relate a brief story in confirmation of the correctness of this remark.

In the upper part of the city, some years since, Mr. W., a friend of mine, presided over a public institution of great resort, and where hundreds if not thousands visited it daily. Mr. W. was a man of uncommon sagacity, and keenly alive to every incident of life,—

Library of Congress

but more especially when there was any thing humorous or ludicrous in the aspect of it. The consequence was, that on all suitable occasions, he had something in store for the amusement of such as became his companions round the board of directors, or in the committee room. And what is more, his stories and anecdotes were told with a felicity of imitation and raciness of manner that were inimitable. In short, like poor Yorick, he could, at any time when so disposed, set the table in a roar.

Attached to this institution there was a messenger, a man somewhat advanced in years, who had been 213 selected to this responsible post in consequence of a uniformly fair character, and especially because he was a religious man. His name was Smith,—not John Smith,—but in verity that was his name. Mr. Smith was daily intrusted with large sums of money, which were always faithfully, indeed scrupulously, accounted for. He went and came as directed, was a man of few words, and might almost have verified the admonition of,—“Let your communications be yea, yea; nay, nay,”—as those monosyllables were all that ever was known to escape his demure mouth. In short, there was no man, to all appearances, who would be less likely to commit the impropriety of singing or whistling, than Mr. Smith. I have already said he was a religious man; he belonged to the Methodists, and was a member of their church; and to his other employments was added that of undertaker! As the uniform custom of this city is to bury in the after part of the day, the duties at the bank did not interfere with the other calling.

I was detained, said Mr. W., on one occasion, rather later than usual, and was in the front room looking over one or two accounts which were not so satisfactory as was desirable, when I was roused from the Sabbath-like stillness around me, by hearing some one in the back room, alternately singing and whistling, 18* 214 and accompanying them both with a clatter that I could not comprehend. My first impression was that Smith had employed a cleaner to assist him in putting the office in order. Then again it at once occurred that this could not be so, because he was not allowed to admit any one into the bank without leave. I left my station as gently as possible, and cautiously approached the door, which on opening softly, there was the demure Mr. Smith capering away as nimbly as “Jim away

Library of Congress

Josey,” to his own tune, which was sometimes in a whistle and sometimes singing. And now and then he would exclaim, snapping his fingers at the same time, “three funerals to-morrow! three funerals to-morrow! glorious luck! glorious luck! plenty of business! plenty of business!”

A thunderbolt or an earthquake could not have more amazed me!

To have fully enjoyed the story you should have seen and heard Mr. W.'s imitations, more particularly the *dancing* part.

JACO.

There are numerous and well-authenticated facts upon record of the extraordinary sagacity of the dog; and although we deny the faithful creatures the power of ratiocination, still we are compelled to admit that many of their acts and performances go very far toward a contradiction of such an hypothesis.

The dogs that are kept by the good monks on the summit of the Alps, to hunt for snow-lost travellers, are trained from early life to the business, and therefore their wonderful performances need not be sought for beyond the sagacity that is universally admitted they possess.

But we have a short story to relate of one deed of a dog, that looks very much like his having possessed the power and faculties of a reasoning animal.

It is related by Col. H. of himself and of a dog that had been procured for him at a very early age, and had slept in the same bed with him, while it was yet young, for the cure of phthisic. This course of remedy was recommended to his parents by an Indian doctor, as they were called in New-England, where the Colonel then resided, as a certain cure for that disease. Whether he was cured by the aid of his bed-fellow, the puppy, or that the disease was overcome by a vigorous constitution, is somewhat uncertain. It is certain,

Library of Congress

however, that he did recover, and that the puppy grew to be a dog of respectable size, and full of affection for his master.

It so happened that after a deep snow had fallen, and 216 when the Colonel was about twelve years old, in accompanying a load of wood, which his brother, older than himself, had in charge, on coming to a side hill, the wood was upset, and in falling, buried the boy under it. The only part of his body that was at all visible were his feet. As quick as thought the dog flew, not to the feet, but to the opposite side of the prostrated load of wood, and with astonishing fierceness commenced digging toward the buried head of his beloved master. And before assistance enough had arrived to remove the pile that was resting on the body of the unfortunate lad, the dog had cleared a way up to the head, and had dug all around it, leaving the mouth and nostrils free to breathe, if any life yet remained. Nor would he desist, although repeatedly pulled back by the brother, till he had accomplished his purpose.

Subsequently he performed another feat in defence of his master, which, though not as remarkable for sagacity, yet it is still worthy of commemoration, and not without interest. While yet a boy, and being in the woods accompanied by the faithful dog, he espied on one of the surrounding forest trees, a cat, which, although of the domestic breed, yet having probably lived nearly all its life in the wilds, away from the peaceful abodes of civilization, it had contracted a bold fierceness quite as imposing and nearly as dangerous as 217 a real wild cat. That it possessed nearly all the properties and attributes of the latter, will be seen by the sequel.

The lad commenced the rencontre by throwing stones at the animal; and being expert in the practice, many either hit it, or coming so near as to exasperate the creature beyond endurance. It suddenly left its place in the tree, and descended with a courage and ferocity known only to this family of quadrupeds. Its first spring was at the boy's throat, and almost as quickly the dog came to the rescue of his assailed master. The battle was fierce and protracted, and but for the timely aid of a club which the boy wielded in defence of the

attacked party, the dog would have been mastered by the ferocious cat; and then his own fate would not have been doubtful But poor Jaco was awfully lacerated in the engagement.

WATERLOO.

A short time before the sickness and death of Bonapart, a curious incident is related by a gentleman who was at the Island of St. Helena a little while after the occurrence took place. Napoleon was ever on the lookout for arrivals, and very much alive and interested whenever a sail hove in sight. A vessel appeared in the offing one morning, and, as usual, the exiled Emperor inquired of the signal master, what ship it was. The answer was, "From the numbers she exhibits, it is the Hon. East India Company's ship *Waterloo!*"

Napoleon made no answer, but soon after was taken ill, and never rose from his bed afterwards.

There was not mahogany enough on the island to make a coffin for the distinguished prisoner, and the materials for one were furnished by the carpenter of the *Waterloo* for that purpose!

As he died of a disease of the heart, I believe, it is at once a curious coincidence of eventful circumstances, that the ship *Waterloo* should be a precursor of his sickness and death, and that the mahogany found on board of the ship should have supplied the material for his coffin!

Since the above was written the French Government have sent a national ship of war, commanded by one of the princes, and have removed the remains of the late Emperor to France. This identical coffin has been cut into very small fragments and distributed to the crew; and some of them have, since their return to France, sold their bits of coffin for considerable sums of money, both seller and purchaser little dreaming where the wood came from, or how furnished.

TURN THE SAUSAGES.

In the ancient and yet beautiful town of D—, something less than twenty miles from Boston, there resided, many years since, a clergyman of the Presbyterian or Congregational order, who to great learning and talents there was added much that was eccentric and humorous. In those early days, before there were so many colleges established for teaching theology as there are now, it was the custom for learned clergymen to take one or more young men, who had previously graduated, to fit them for the ministry. At the time I am speaking of, the aforesaid and Rev. Mr. G. had with him a young gentleman from Boston, by the name of Joseph T—, studying divinity. Joseph was naturally, I may say constitutionally, sedate and pious.

On one occasion, what is not now recollected, it was, however, I believe, either a Wedding or a funeral; the “women folks,” as the good clergyman called them, were absent, and it was left with the good man and Joseph to cook their own breakfast. So, after they had arranged the breakfast things, he said to Joseph, “Joseph, if you will tend the sausages, I will make the morning prayer.” Joseph assented to the proposition. The gridiron was arranged on the coals, 220 and the sausages laid thereon, and the old gentleman went on in the performance of his part of the agreement. Not so Joseph! His devotions were too sincere to have his thoughts occupied with terrestrial objects, and the old gentleman's olfactories detected Joseph's neglect; the sausages were burning. Mr. G. stood Joseph's dereliction of duty till his impatience and appetite, both uniting, he could stand it no longer. He suddenly ceased praying, exclaiming, “Joseph! we are commanded to watch as well as pray; turn the sausages!”

THE END.

R. P. BIXBY & CO. HAVE JUST PUBLISHED NEW AND BEAUTIFUL **ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS** OF THE PICKWICK CLUB, 1 vol. 8vo., handsomely bound in embossed cloth.

Library of Congress

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, do. do. do.

OLIVER TWIST, do. do. do.

R. P. B. & Co. ALSO HAVE IN PRESS, AND WILL SOON BE ISSUED, **ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS** OF BARNABY RUDGE, 1 vol. 8vo., handsomely bound in embossed cloth.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, do. do.

R. P. B. & Co. HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A CHOICE COLLECTION OF VALUABLE STANDARD BOOKS, (ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL,) SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY. &c., &c., &c.

NOTICES OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

The following extracts from a letter of Mr. C. Edwards Lester to Washington Irving, Esq., speak highly the praise of Mr. Dickens as an author, and the unparalleled popularity that both he and his productions have attained in this country:

EXTRACTS.

"I believe there is no English author now living who is so much admired and read by our countrymen as Mr. Dickens, and, consequently, no one respecting whom Americans may be supposed to have so great a desire for information.

"There were many persons in our country who could not be prevailed upon to read his works for a long time after the publication of the Pickwick Papers. So many vulgar representations of Sam Weller had appeared on the theatre bills at every corner of the street, that the name of Boz became associated with all that was offensive in the burlesque and low farce of the American stage.

Library of Congress

"In this feeling I once participated. But a year ago a friend brought *Oliver Twist* to my room, to help while away a night of illness. He had not read many pages before my prejudices against the author all gave way; and, after my recovery, I was glad to read that charming book *by myself*, where I could enjoy the full pleasure of those feelings which the kind-hearted writer so well knows how to excite. On closing the work, I felt an interest in the 'Workhouse hero,' which no fictitious character ever awakened in my heart. Immediately I collected all the writings of Dickens, 5 and read them with a new and strange delight. There was no gloom which his wit and humour could not drive away; no hilarity which I was not glad to exchange for the scenes of suffering, sadness, and triumph, in the histories of the generous but unfortunate Oliver; the proud-spirited, kind-hearted Nicholas; the confiding Madaline; the beautiful Kate; and, above all, sweet little Nelly, that child of heaven."

Mr. Lester, in his interview with this celebrated author, inquired, "If in portraying his characters, he had not, in every instance, his eye upon some particular persons he had known, since I could not conceive it possible for an author to present such graphic and natural pictures, except from real life. Allow me to ask, sir," I said, "if the one-eyed Squeers, coarse but good John Browdie, the beautiful Sally Brass, clever Dick Swiveller, the demoniac and intriguing Quilp, the good Cheeryble Brothers, the avaricious Fagin, and dear little Nelly, are mere fancies?"

"No, sir, they are not," he replied; "they are copies. You will not understand me to say, of 1* 6 course, that they are true histories in all respects, but they are real likenesses; nor have I in any of my works attempted anything more than to arrange my story as well as I could, and give a true picture of scenes I have witnessed. My past history and pursuits have led me to a familiar acquaintance with numerous instances of extreme wretchedness and of deep-laid villany."

"I spoke of the immense popularity of his works, and remarked that I believed he had *ten* readers in America where he had one in England.

"I wish that *they* who have formed the mistaken idea that his works are destitute of high moral sentiment, and written merely to amuse the vulgar, would only look into *Oliver Twist* or *Nicholas Nickleby*. I wish, too, that they who refuse to read his works because they are *fictitious*, (for a novel is not necessarily a vicious book,) had as much of the milk of human kindness in their hearts as he. I believe there is no author doing so much for humanity in the British empire. Nor am I alone in this opinion.

"I have met with a short notice of *Nicholas Nickleby*, which is attributed to Sidney Smith, the well-known advocate of the repeal of the Corn Laws. If the reviewer has formed a just estimate of Mr. Dickens, the author of *Nicholas Nickleby* is to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the race."

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Master Humphrey's Clock needs but a reading to insure a rapid sale. The fame, even, of the gifted author would be sufficient for its popularity, were that alone considered; but as all desire to speak from their own observation, we advise a perusal.

The erroneous opinion harboured by some that it is a work of fiction, has met with a refutation from Mr. Dickens himself, and the fastidious need no longer hesitate as to the propriety of becoming acquainted with its pages.

8

To Mr. D— must be awarded the medal for his unwearied pains in presenting to us a picture of innocent suffering and lurking villany which are of every day occurrence in his native land, and which none would attempt to delineate but he who alone is actuated by true benevolence and a desire for the eliciting of just sympathy. Master Humphrey's Clock is peculiarly written to this effect. In the Old man we see the hand of fickle fortune

Library of Congress

and the victim of deep-laid villany, reduced to poverty and wretchedness by the avarice of designing knaves. In little Nell, a meek sufferer and sympathiser of the aged one, — a support to him in all trials through the different pitiable situations in which we find him: and in her case, we see virtue and heavenly worth rewarded. The treacherous, miserly, unfeeling Quilp, prosperous for a time in his heartless designs — plans and executes as he will; but his end, — his horrid death, — evidences that justice is not more slow than sure. Of other characters we will not speak. They all illustrate human nature in the different lives of different individuals — are admirably chosen and made to play their part, not only to the great credit of the author, but to the satisfaction of the whole circle of his admiring friends.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

In Nicholas Nickleby, the versatile talents of Mr. Dickens are found triumphant. We are led to pursue a new course of suffering and to see justice administered to the guilty in different ways. Here we read the history of avarice and its concomitants: an estrangement from relatives, the fountain of sympathy choked, and the ear to the call of suffering worth made deaf. The same feeling is active in reading Nicholas' adventures, deprivations, and sorrows as in that of little Nell, though not to that extent; for the one is constituted to the endurance of trouble, while the other should be a stranger to it.

Mr. D— happily disposes of all his heroes and heroines, not only in the way that justice should require, but to meet the approbation of all. Nicholas finds a happy home!—his avaricious and gain-seeking uncle meets his deserts and a death corresponding to his life;—and the lovely Kate, so long exposed to the buffetings of her selfish relative and his miserable designs, in a virtuous youth finds a lover, and in wealth, retirement. Perhaps the moral to be deduced here, is as good as in any of his works; though it would be difficult to decide, considering the characters and subjects treated. It is, undoubtedly, sufficient to know that it is from the same pen of the gifted genius.

OLIVER TWIST.

Oliver Twist contains, perhaps, the most accurate description of the sufferings of the poorer class, and in a style the most captivating, of any work we have extant. The delineation of the different characters and enactments is at once 11 graphic, simple, and true to life. Mr. D— must have sacrificed much of his happiness in gleaning, by observation, the *facts* here recorded, and could have had no sinister motive in view in presenting the tale before us. It is certainly the offspring of weeping sympathy and religious benevolence. Such a work should be read before it is condemned.

The most remarkable personage that figures here is the Jew Fagin. His character is a compound of all that is designing, slavish, and revolting. One would hardly suppose that a being composed of so many evil qualities could retain the human form; and no one but he who tells of him could attempt a representation of such a character and so natural. Contrast Fagin with Oliver, and Oliver with Sikes. The latter's remorse of conscience after the horrid murder—his flight—the pursuit of the imagined phantom—his wretchedness of mind and his fearful end, with the howling dog and the pursuers of justice—all combine to excite and chain attention. It cannot be read without imagining yourself a spectator.

12

Can any read the following panegyric on the author of Nicholas Nickleby, and say that, in giving his productions to the *world*, he was not actuated by purely benevolent motives.

ATTRIBUTED TO SIDNEY SMITH.

For wit, perception of character, graphic delineation of those ephemeral human phenomena which elude the grasp of a less delicate perception, he has hardly any rival. Above all, the sort of photogenic quality of his mind, by which every shade and hue of the most neglected and insignificant portions of the moral landscape are made as instinct with interest, truth, and life as the most important and striking, is a feature of it which we do not

Library of Congress

remember ever to have seen approached by other writers. "It is his nature's plague to spy into abuses." He reminds us of cinder gatherer's who find something by which they can profit in the rubbish that society casts away. He catches up the dross, and makes it shine like pure gold. Nay, 13 he is a sort of moral alchymist, that can convert the worthless into the precious, and show the uses and the significancy of every thing that lives and moves, and has a being. "He gathers up the fragments" of our nature, that "nothing may be lost." With miraculous touch he can feed, out of lenten entertainment, the perishing multitude, and convert water into wine. Like Goldsmith there is nothing which he does not touch, and nothing he touches which he does not adorn.

His genius, his wit, his graphic power, and the interest which he gives to all that he sketches, these give him ready access to every circle of society, and make his writings relished equally by the peer and the peasant. Scenes that the great cannot even imagine, he carries straight into their drawing-room.

It is a mighty privilege this of genius, to make itself heard equally in the kitchen and the hall; to enter in at the straight gate of supercilious rank, or proud and fastidious fashion, and yet to be a welcome passenger in the broad thoroughfare of 2 14 the vulgar, commonplace, working-day world. This, we say, is a mighty privilege, and this great writer has used it well. He hath a noble and a Christian heart.

"No writer of the present age is so original in his style, so spontaneous in his thoughts, as Dickens."— *New World*.